HENRY IV., PART I.

COLLINS

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SHAKESPEARE

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SHAKESPEARE

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

EDITED BY

A. J. F. COLLINS, M.A. (Oxon.)

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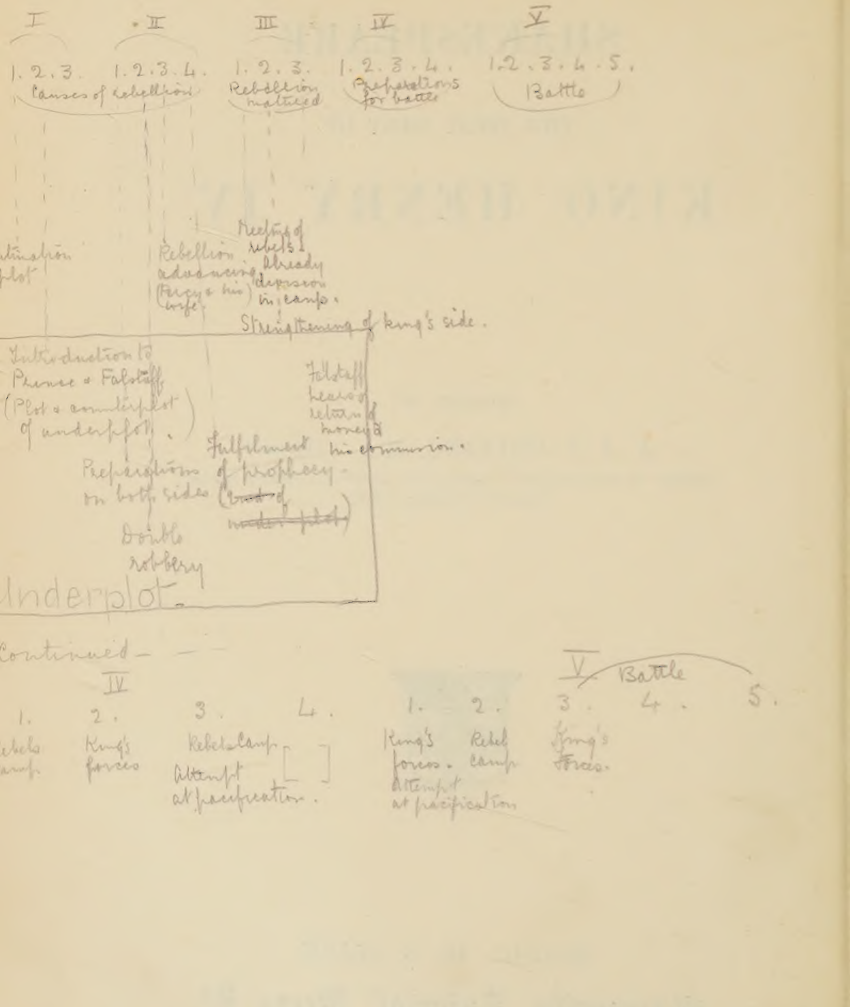
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King's forces.
Attempt at pacification

LIFE AND WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, where his father, John Shakespeare, was a trader and farmer, and at that time in prosperous circumstances. During the poet's boyhood John Shakespeare fell gradually into poverty; he parted with the land his wife—Mary Arden, a woman of good connections—brought him, was prosecuted for debt, and deprived of his alderman's gown. Of William Shakespeare between the time of his baptism and his marriage in his nineteenth year to Anne Hathaway (a woman some eight years his senior) we know almost nothing: it is conjectured that he received some little classical education at the Stratford Grammar School, and that he cast about to earn a living when his father's troubles thickened.

Between 1583 and 1585 three children were born to him, Susanna in 1583, and Hamnet and Judith (twins) in 1585. About this time he must have left Stratford to seek his fortune in London. A tradition, which is apparently ungrounded, connects his departure with a deerstealing adventure on Sir Thomas Lucy's estate at Charlecote, and Sir Thomas Lucy himself has been identified with Justice Shallow who came up to London to make a Star Chamber matter of a poaching affray. Shallow's coat of arms contained luces, which also belonged to the Lucy coat; but the passage in which the coat of arms is described (*Merry Wives*) does not occur in the earliest editions

and was probably inserted as a result of later quarrels. Shakespeare had many reasons for leaving Stratford, notably his unhappiness in his home and his want of money, and it is quite as possible that the visit of the Queen's Players to Stratford in 1587 was the occasion of his leaving his native town.

We next hear of Shakespeare in 1592, when, as a young and successful actor and author, he aroused the jealousy of Greene, one of a group of university men who wrote for the stage. Greene calls him "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his

'Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide'

supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in the country." The line which Greene applies to Shakespeare is a parody of

"O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,'

applied by York to Queen Margaret in *Henry VI., Part III.*, a play which Shakespeare is known to have edited, and which Greene may have had a hand in writing.

The dedication in 1593 of his first published work, *Venus and Adonis*, shows that he had by that time become connected to some extent with men of rank, for it is addressed to the Earl of Southampton, to whom also is dedicated *Lucrece* in the year following. Southampton, it may be added, is thought to have helped the poet materially and socially. About this time Shakespeare appears among the actors who played before the Queen, and a few years later he is able to spend a considerable sum upon the purchase of New Place, in Stratford, so that he seems, either as actor or author (or both), to have thriven in worldly matters: at the same time (1597) evidence of his popularity as a writer is furnished by the fact that his plays now begin to be printed. From that date until he ceased to write there are indications that his contemporaries looked upon him as their chief dramatist. He became a partner in the Globe Theatre in 1599, made

further investments at Stratford, and retired thither about 1612. Four years later he died.

Shakespeare's activity as a dramatist extends over a period of twenty-four years, from 1588 to 1612. During that time his style steadily developed in the direction of greater freedom, so that it is possible by applying certain tests to classify his plays chronologically.

The tests most easily applied are metrical. Shakespeare in his early works frequently employed rhymed ten-syllable couplets, and also groups of four ten-syllabled lines which rhymed alternately. Even where he used blank verse there was apt to be a pause at the end of the line, and lines of eleven syllables, and lines of ten in which there was no stress on the tenth syllable (weak-ending lines) were not common. In his later work rhyme is rare, there are fewer and fewer end-stopped lines, and more in which the pause comes in the middle, eleven and twelve syllabled lines grow commoner, and light endings occur with increasing frequency. Lines ending with weak monosyllables like *to* and *with* do not occur before the latest period. Taken as a whole the style of the later periods is freer though sometimes harsher than that of the earlier. The early dramas abound in fantastic word-plays and comparisons, and contain classical allusions; these features are absent in the later plays.

Shakespeare's plays as a rule are grouped in four periods. The first period extends from 1588 to about 1595, and includes Histories, Comedies, and Tragedies, *e.g. Richard II.*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. Shakespeare began his career as a dramatist by editing and adapting for the stage the works of others, so that the extent of his authorship in a few of the plays is uncertain. The style is not invariably the same, and some of the plays seem to have been of the nature of experiments, *e.g. Richard III.*, which in its simplicity and force, and in the strict subordination of all the characters to that of the hero, suggests the dramatic methods of Marlowe.

To the second period, which extends from 1595 to 1601, belong the greatest comedies and the historical plays in

which Falstaff occurs. This period, as it includes no tragedies and has in it all the best of Shakespeare's comedies, is usually styled the Comic Period. The verse is pure and flowing, the most musical that Shakespeare wrote.

The third period, from 1601 to 1608, includes the four great tragedies—*Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*—the Roman plays, and some so-called comedies, which, however, are serious or cynical rather than comic. It is commonly called the Tragic Period. The verse style in the earlier plays—*Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*—is still that of the Comic Period, but in the later plays it becomes forcible and abrupt as though the words were strained to convey more thought than they would bear.

The last or Romantic Period covers the four years from 1608 to 1612. To this belong the three romances, *Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and the *Tempest*, as well as the Shakespearean part of *Pericles*. The verse differs little from that of the late tragedies, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, which if metre were the only test would probably be included in the last group. The chief charm of the romances is poetic. They celebrate the beauty of unspoiled country life, whether in Miranda's island or among Perdita's sheepcotes, or in the wilds where Imogen meets her unknown brothers. As dramas they are loosely constructed and abound in curious anachronisms.

The following is a list of Shakespeare's plays classified roughly according to periods. Where the names are given in italics the Shakespearean authorship of a part of the play at least has been questioned.

FIRST PERIOD, 1588–1595.

Histories.	*Comedies.*	*Tragedies.*
1 Henry VI.	Comedy of Errors.	*Titus Andronicus.*
2 Henry VI.	Love's Labour's Lost.	Romeo and Juliet.
3 Henry VI.	Two Gentlemen of Verona.	
Richard III.	Midsummer Night's Dream.	
Richard II.		

SECOND PERIOD, 1595–1601.

Histories.	*Comedies.*	*Tragedies.*
King John.	Merchant of Venice.	———
1 Henry IV.	*Taming of the Shrew.*	
2 Henry IV.	Much Ado.	
Henry V.	As You Like it.	
	Merry Wives.	
	Twelfth Night.	

THIRD PERIOD, 1601–1608.

Histories.	*Comedies.*	*Tragedies.*
———	All's Well.	Julius Caesar.
	Troilus and Cressida.	Hamlet.
	Measure for Measure.	Othello.
		King Lear.
		Macbeth.
		Timon of Athens.
		Antony & Cleopatra.
		Coriolanus.

FOURTH PERIOD, 1608–1612.

Histories.	*Comedies.*	*Tragedies.*
Henry VIII.	*Pericles.*	———
	Cymbeline.	
	Winter's Tale.	
	Tempest.	

From a literary point of view it is most instructive to group Shakespeare's plays according to subjects, and this can be done if too rigid lines of division are not drawn between the different periods. Thus *Twelfth Night* and *Julius Caesar* were probably written about the same year, but one looks back and the other forward.

Shakespeare's plays were first published in quarto editions, which began to appear in 1597. As there was no strict law of copyright, many of these editions were published without the author's consent or approval. A reporter would frequently take down the dialogue of the play at the theatre and deliver it as copy to a piratical bookseller. Sometimes, however, the editors would seem to have had access to acting editions. After Shakespeare's death a complete edition of his plays was published, in 1623,

by his friends Hemings and Condell, who had acted with him at the Globe. This, which is called the First Folio, was the first fully authorised edition of the plays, but, as the Globe and all it contained had been burnt in 1613, the Folio text had to be based for the most part on that of the Quartos. The earliest Quartos as a rule give the best text, but require in places to be supplemented by the First Folio, and in many cases even emended. The most famous commentators on the text are Theobald (1733), Capell (1768), and Malone (1790). Besides the plays and the two poems mentioned above—*Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—Shakespeare wrote 159 sonnets. These are not written in the Italian form with periods of eight and six lines, but each consists of three quatrains in which the lines rhyme alternately, followed by a rhymed couplet, the formula thus being *abab | cdcd | efef | gg*. Many of them, like the early plays, abound in fantastic conceits and elaborate metaphors. Technical words, especially the terms of law and medicine, are common in them, and the style is often obscure and artificial. In the power of passion and imagination they are nevertheless unsurpassed

KING HENRY IV. PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

This Text of *1 Henry IV.* is based mainly on the First Quarto (Q_1) of 1598 and the First Folio (F_1) of 1623. Later Quartos were published in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622, each apparently printed from its predecessor, though they are all described as "newly corrected by W. Shakespeare"; the 1622 edition as a fact appeared six years after his death. F_1 was printed probably from a revised copy of the 1613 Quarto. Later Folios, of little independent value, were published in 1632, 1664, 1685, and later Quartos in 1632, 1639.

The text of Q_1 is on the whole good and the mistakes in it, as corrected in the later editions, though numerous, are generally of a minor character; e.g. *lies* for *lives* in I. ii. 178, *base* for *bare* in I. iii. 108, *thought's the slave* for *thoughts, the slaves* in V. iv. 81. Again *smiles* was corrected to *similes* (I. ii. 74) only in F_2, *the* to *thee* (V. iv. 92) in Q_7. On the other hand Q_1 occasionally shows a better reading which seems to have been corrupted in later editions, *e.g.* in I. iii. 234, II. i. 16, V. ii. 51; *cp.* also I. ii. 83, II. iv. 122, altered in the Folio owing to the law prohibiting Scriptural references and oaths.

With the exception of II. iv. 112 and perhaps IV. i. 99, there are no serious corruptions in the text, though a few minor emendations of modern editors must be admitted, *e.g.* in I. ii. 148, 152, II. iv. 367, V. ii. 8, 72. These are generally of the same character as those of the Folio correctors and merely continue their work.

Date.—The date of composition can be determined only approximately. The later limit is fixed by the entry in the Stationers' Register, under the date February 25th, 1598, of "The historye of Henry the Fourth with his battaile of Shrewsbury against Henry Hottspurre of the North, with the conceipted mirthe of Sir John Falstoff." The First Quarto, with much the same title, followed soon after in 1598, and *Henry IV.* is one of the plays mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia* or *Wits Treasury*, published in September 1598, which contains a list of twelve of Shakespeare's plays written before that date.

The earlier limit is not so easily fixed, and there are no certain allusions in the play to help us; not much is to be gained from the reference to the price of oats rising (II. i. 11); we hear of corn being dear in 1594, 1595, 1597, and Shakespeare may possibly be referring to the last date. The general character of the play, however, points to its being composed just before *2 Henry IV.* and considerably after *Richard II.*, from which it is separated certainly by the *Merchant of Venice* and probably by *King John*. *Richard II.* was written about 1594, *2 Henry IV.* probably not before 1598, not long at any rate before *Henry V.*, of which the date is certainly 1599; and so we shall not go far wrong in taking the date of the present play to be about 1597.

It may be remarked that the usual metrical test for determining the date, that of the percentage of feminine endings, is not applicable in the case of this play. The percentage generally rises through the different periods of Shakespeare's activity; *Love's Labour's Lost* contains 4 per cent., *Richard II.* 11 per cent., *2 Henry IV.* 16·3 per cent., *The Tempest* 33 per cent. In *1 Henry IV.* the percentage is only 5·1. This may perhaps be accounted for by the epic dignity given deliberately to some of the verse speeches (especially to those of King Henry) as a contrast with the prose comedy; in any event, the fact has no relation whatever to the date, and the tests mentioned on p. vii show that the play is well out of the first period (see pp. xxi., xxii).

Sources of the play, including that of Falstaff.—(1) The main source of *1 Henry IV.* is Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, to which Shakespeare is indebted for the historical groundwork of the play, and which he follows closely through the serious scenes. The underplot connected with Falstaff owes, however, nothing to Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Shakespeare's use of Holinshed is discussed below (pp. xxiii-xxv).

Before treating the important questions of the *Famous Victories* and of Falstaff, a few other sources may be mentioned to which Shakespeare may have owed suggestions.

(2) Parts of II. iv. were certainly intended to be a burlesque of the style of Lyly's *Euphues*. See below (p. xxv).

(3) Stow's *Chronicle* 1580 may be the source of Shakespeare's mention of the Prince's swiftness in running (see IV. i. 95, *note*), and of his paying back the money to the merchants who had been robbed (III. iii. 167). Neither of these points is mentioned by Holinshed.

(4) In Daniel's *History of the Civil Wars* in verse (published 1595) Prince Henry is mentioned as rescuing his father from Douglas at the battle of Shrewsbury (cp. V. iii. 39-49); Holinshed says nothing of this.

(5) The source which gave the first hint for the comic scenes was undoubtedly a play called *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battell of Agincourt*. This play, though not published before 1598, was written at least ten years earlier, as a part in it was at some time taken by an actor who died in 1588. The first scenes deal with the life of Prince Henry before he became king, and contain among other incidents a robbery on Gadshill, in which the Prince and his associates are concerned. Among the last are "Ned" and "Sir John Oldcastle," certainly the prototypes of Poins and Sir John Falstaff. "Gadshill" is common to both plays. Further, in the older play there is a revel in "the old tavern at Eastcheap," and it is at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, that Falstaff tells his tale of the men in buckram (II. iv.). The bare idea of Falstaff's impersonation of the King may have been suggested by a scene in the earlier play, where one of the characters plays the part of the Lord Chief Justice (see II. iv., *preface*), and there are one or two verbal similarities (see I. ii. 59, II. i. 19, iv. 290, *notes*); but the resemblance ends here.

From a literary point of view the old play is worthless; not only do a few words and incidents represent the sum of Shakespeare's debt, but the whole conception of the comic scenes is quite different from Shakespeare's; the Prince in the old play is a drunken thief who is turned by a sudden conversion into a hero-king—this was the popular idea, expressed by Canterbury in *Henry V.*, I. i. 24-31, but

demolished by Shakespeare in the present play:—Oldcastle is a "father ruffian" such as Prince Henry describes in II. iv. 417-27, with no point of likeness, except his name, to Shakespeare's fat knight; and even his name Shakespeare afterwards changed. But there is no doubt that the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* was originally called *Oldcastle.*

(i) In I. ii. 39 "my old lad of the castle" is meaningless except as a pun upon Oldcastle's name.[1]

(ii) In *2 Henry IV.*, in the First Quarto of 1600, *Old.* is prefixed by mistake to one of Falstaff's speeches I. ii. 37); probably the manuscript from which the printer was copying had been left uncorrected in this one place.

(iii) Field in his *Amends for Ladies* (1618) refers directly to Falstaff's speech in V. i. 127-140, in the following lines:—

> Did you never see
> The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,
> Did tell you truly what this honour was?

This shows that the tradition of the original name lingered even after it had been changed in the printed editions.

(iv) In 1599 Drayton, in collaboration with Munday, Wilson, and Chettle, produced *the first part of the true and honourable history of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham;* this was expressly written, as the challenge in the title shows, to vindicate the character of the historical Oldcastle from Shakespeare's supposed calumnious treatment of him in *Henry IV.*, and perhaps to divert to itself some of the popularity gained by Shakespeare's play. Some lines in the prologue show Drayton's intention plainly enough:—

> It is no pampered glutton we present,
> Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
> But one whose virtue shone above the rest.

It is out of the question to suppose that Drayton is referring to the almost forgotten *Famous Victories*; *1 Henry IV.* had lately come out and was immensely popular.

(v) The actual disclaimer by Shakespeare in the Epi-

[1] The other piece of evidence from *1 Henry IV.* usually adduced, that *Oldcastle* is metrically smoother than *Falstaff* in II. ii. 102, has not much weight, as the omission of the syllable after a pause is common; cp. below (p. xxxviii).

logue to *2 Henry IV.* of any connection between Falstaff and the real Sir John Oldcastle may be meant partly as a reply to Drayton's manifesto, and is in itself the most striking proof of Falstaff's original name: "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it . . . where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

Though Drayton's play may have led to this pronouncement by Shakespeare, the name had been already altered before the publication of the First Quarto of *1 Henry IV.* in 1598. Shakespeare's reason for the change was undoubtedly the protest made at court by the contemporary Lord Cobham as to the injustice done to his ancestor, Sir John Oldcastle. It may be questioned whether to be represented in the person of Falstaff could be counted much of an injustice, but Lord Cobham was no doubt right on the main facts.

The original Sir John Oldcastle was certainly a friend of Prince Henry and attached officially to his household, but there seems no foundation whatever for the tradition that made him the "aged counsellor to his youthful sin." Oldcastle was probably not more than nine years older than Henry, and was already prominent as a Lollard at the time of the Prince's life in London, in the early years of the fifteenth century. If the stories about him were true, his reputation as a religious leader would probably have suffered; but it did not.

He was hanged and burnt for insurrection and heresy in 1417, and the evil reputation which he certainly had in Elizabeth's time was probably the work of his religious enemies. Fuller says that "stage poets have themselves been very bold with the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and yet a coward to boot," and he was so represented in the *Famous Victories*; but the growth of the Puritan party turned the scale the other way, and he was regarded as a martyr—as indeed Shakespeare confesses, whether ironically or not, in his recantation (*2 Henry IV.*, Epil.).

One question remains, which may conveniently be treated

here. What led Shakespeare, having dropped *Oldcastle*, to choose the name *Falstaff*? There is no doubt that it is a corruption of the name of Sir John Fastolfe, a well-known soldier of the early fifteenth century, who had been already pilloried for cowardice in *1 Henry VI.*, III. ii. 104-9.[1] There is no evidence that Fastolfe was connected in any way with Prince Henry, but the fact that he too was a Sir John and that he had had a reputation for cowardice was quite enough for Shakespeare, who never troubled to invent a name if a convenient one lay to his hand. Even Fastolfe's reputation for cowardice was undeserved; he had distinguished himself at Agincourt in 1415, and his degradation for cowardice in 1429 lasted only till the true facts came out—that there had been a panic among his soldiers which he had vainly tried to prevent. Further, he was most unlike Falstaff in being careful, even close-fisted, in the management of his private affairs, and it is largely as such that he appears in the letters of the Paston family, who knew him well.

To sum up, Shakespeare tacked Fastolfe's name on to some current gossip about Oldcastle, gathered from *The Famous Victories*, and then formed a new character that had nothing to do with either one or the other. It is thus idle to ask how far Falstaff is meant to be an historical figure. The one allusion made by him to his own early life, that he had been a page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk (*2 Henry IV.*, III. ii.), was certainly true of both Oldcastle and Fastolfe, but singularly inappropriate as applied to Falstaff; for Mowbray was, according to Shakespeare himself (*Richard II.*, I. iii. 59), only about forty at the time of his banishment in 1398, four years before the battle of Shrewsbury, and so Falstaff would either be under forty at the time of this play, or have been a page to Mowbray before Mowbray was born! In reality Mowbray was only thirty-two in 1398—which would make Falstaff younger still.

[1] It is noteworthy that in the First Folio the Fastolfe of *1 Henry VI.* is called *Falstaff*, and further that throughout the First Quarto of *1 Henry IV.* Falstaff is called *Falstalffe*.

Historical Basis of the Play.—The dramatic time of the play is apparently about three months, but historically the action lasts from a few days after the defeat of Mortimer, June 12th, 1402 (cp. I. i. 36-7), to July 21st, 1403, the date of the battle of Shrewsbury. The historical outline must begin, however, a little before this period in order to make the action of the play intelligible; for Shakespeare has many references to preceding events, most of which were related in his own *Richard II.* In the following sketch the references are to the present play, except those marked *R.*, which are to *Richard II.*

In 1398 Henry Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, Edward III.'s fourth son, accused Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, of treason. When they were about to decide their quarrel by battle, Richard II. banished them both (*R.*, I. iii.) as hindrances to his tyranny; though his banishment of Mowbray for life implied that the charges against him were true, and therefore that Bolingbroke was banished unjustly. On the death of John of Gaunt, in February 1399, Richard confiscated his estates (*R.*, II. i.), which, with the dukedom of Lancaster, belonged by right to Bolingbroke. With the money thus realised Richard started in May on an expedition to Ireland (IV. iii. 88; *R.*, II. i. 218), to quell the insurrection that had arisen after the departure of the English in 1394. He left his uncle, Duke of York, the "madcap duke" of I. iii. 244, as Regent of England in his absence. The Earl of Northumberland and his son, Harry Percy, called Hotspur, made excuses not to accompany Richard. In reality they had heard that Henry Bolingbroke was coming back at the head of a small force to claim his rights, and knowing the "reproach and dissolution" that was hanging over Richard (*R.*, II. i. 258) suspected that Henry would claim much more than his rights and that whatever he claimed he would claim with success.

Henry landed at Ravenspurgh on July 4th; he was met there by Northumberland (IV. iii. 59; cp. *R.*, II. ii. 50-5), and at Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire was joined by Hotspur and York (I. iii. 245-6; *R.*, II. iii.). At first he "vowed he came but to be Duke of Lancaster" (IV. iii.

60-1 ; *R.*, II. iii. 113), and repeated that oath at a great assembly at Doncaster (V. i. 41-5) ; but he and most of his adherents knew perfectly well that he aimed at no less than the crown.

Richard was detained in Ireland by storms till July 22nd (V. i. 52-4 ; *R.*, III. ii. 3), and when he returned his cause was already lost—so many had flocked to Henry's standard (IV. iii. 66-77). On August 14th Richard, deserted by nearly all his followers, surrendered to Henry ; he was deposed and imprisoned (IV. iv. 90 ; *R.*, IV. i.), and Henry formally elected king by Parliament on September 30th.

The promises of good government mentioned by Hotspur (IV. iv. 78-84) were really spread over the first two or three years of Henry's reign. He knew that his claim to the throne depended rather on the popular will than on its own justice, and his feeling of insecurity turned him into a constitutional king. At the same time it made him a suspicious tyrant towards those who could still be dangerous. Richard's life was itself a menace, and early in 1400 Henry took the rebellion of the Duke of Rutland as an excuse for putting Richard to death (I. iii. 152, IV. iii. 91 ; *R.*, V. iii.-v.). But the king's title was still "too indirect for long continuance" (IV. iv. 105), at any rate without protest.

He had claimed the crown by conquest, by descent, and because of Richard's bad government. The first plea was false, the second invalid, the real heir to the throne being (as may be seen from the table on p. 162) Edmund Mortimer, Fifth Earl of March, a boy of nine, whom Richard had "proclaimed the next of blood" (I. iii. 145-6). Finally Richard's way of government, however good a ground for the deposition of Richard, was none for the accession of Henry.

Yet if Henry had been able to please all from the first and govern without a semblance of oppression, he might have triumphed over such obstacles. But he could not, and the reason was his want of money. Not only was he forced to levy illegal "taxes and tallages contrary to his promise," as Richard had done (cp. Holinshed, p. 104, and

IV. iii. 92), but also to borrow money from the great nobles, Northumberland among them.

From 1400 to 1402 the discontent grew; there were, first, rebellions in Scotland and Wales, which Henry was not strong enough to put down. A "false Richard" appeared in Scotland and drew many adherents; Owen Glendower, a Welsh chieftain, overran South Wales and not only beat back two expeditions sent by Henry against him,[1] but captured Edmund Mortimer, the uncle of the Earl of March and brother-in-law of Northumberland's son, Hotspur (I. i. 38-41, iii. 80). This was in June 1402. Three months later, however, the power of the Scots was broken by Hotspur at Homildon Hill (I. i. 52-73); and it is with the news of these two events that the play opens. Shakespeare, for dramatic convenience, makes them happen about the same time; for on the consequences of them, taken together, the whole play turns.

As we see in the first Act, Henry demanded his prisoners from Hotspur, not only Murdoch ("Mordake"), nephew of the king of Scotland, to whom he had a right (see I. i. 92, *note*), but also Douglas and other chieftains who had yielded to Hotspur. The Percies made the ransom of Mortimer a condition of their ceding the prisoners (I. i. 91-5), and also made a further condition that the money owed them by Henry should be repaid. This last demand Shakespeare does not mention, not wishing to taint his Hotspur with any desire lower than that of honour.

Mortimer, however, had already made his peace with Glendower (I. iii. 84-5), and the king had no money; hence he neither could nor would comply with the Percies' demands. They thereupon drew up a list of their grievances (V. i. 72) and revolted from Henry, with Mortimer, Glendower, and Douglas for their allies; the course of their rebellion to its disastrous end at the battle of Shrewsbury in July 1403 is much as Shakespeare paints it, and need not be rehearsed in detail.

There are a few deviations from history, which may well be mentioned here. Shakespeare's differences from

[1] Not three, as Shakespeare says (III. i. 63-6).

Holinshed, however, whether false to history or not, are not included in the following account, but are separately summarised below (pp. xxiv-xxv).

(i) Shakespeare and Holinshed confuse the young Earl of March with his uncle, Edmund Mortimer, who was taken prisoner by Glendower (see Index *s.v.* Mortimer), and therefore make the ransom of Mortimer mean far more to Henry than it actually did (I. iii. 155-9). This is a gain in dramatic interest at the expense of fact: really one of the objects of the Percies' rebellion was to place the young Earl of March on the throne.

(ii) In 1402, when the play opens, King Henry was thirty-five years of age, his son Prince Henry was fifteen, and Hotspur thirty-eight. In the play Prince Henry and Hotspur are of the same age (III. ii. 103) and both young, though considerably older than fifteen. The King, in consequence, is represented as an old man (V. i. 13). Shakespeare has no warrant from Holinshed for either view, but the change is of course absolutely necessary to the drama, which turns on the personal rivalry of Prince Henry and Hotspur.

(iii) Historically, two and a half years elapse between the events recorded in *Richard II.* and those of this play; yet from I. i. 9-13 one play seems to follow the other closely in time, though from I. i. 28 we might gather that twelve months had elapsed; for *Richard II.* ended (V. vi. 49) with an announcement of Henry's expedition to the Holy Land—which, it may be added, was probably not conceived till near the end of his reign.

(iv) The tales about the wild youth of Prince Henry in London are probably much exaggerated. He was, as we have seen, only fifteen in 1402; he was with Richard in Ireland in 1398, and in Wales, engaged against Glendower, for a great part of the years between 1400 and 1403, and for some time later; and so, even if the tradition is a true one, it certainly relates to a time after, and not before, the battle of Shrewsbury.

(v) The Archbishop of York was not a brother of Lord Scroop (see I. iii. 271, *note*). Shakespeare here repeats a mistake of Holinshed.

(vi) The real name of Lady Percy was Elizabeth, not Kate (II. iii. 33); Shakespeare apparently chose the name because it was a favourite of his—Hotspur is continually repeating it:—for Holinshed calls her Eleanor.

(vii) In the passage about the portents that occurred at the birth of Glendower (III. i. 13-6) Shakespeare is following a misreading of his authorities by Holinshed, who attributed to Glendower a tradition really connected with Mortimer (p. 101); there was, however, a "blazing star" in 1402, which was interpreted by the bards of the time as representing Glendower's greatness.

(viii) The triple division of England, mentioned by both Shakespeare (III. i. 71-8) and Holinshed as occurring before the battle of Shrewsbury, really took place in 1406, in the course of Northumberland's later rebellion.

(ix) Douglas was not set free after Shrewsbury, either by the Prince, as Shakespeare says (V. v. 27), or by the King, as Holinshed says (p. 106), but remained a prisoner till 1406. Shakespeare's reason in making the change is clearly to magnify the Prince.

Remarks on the play.—*(a) General character and construction of the play, including its place in the historical series.* Though *1 Henry IV.* may be regarded as in some respects a self-contained drama, yet it is ultimately only a part in a larger unity. The very title implies the Second Part, which itself looks forward (in the Epilogue) to *Henry V.* The real unifying element in the series is the person of Prince Henry; his early life is the subject of *1* and *2 Henry IV.*, his actual reign that of *Henry V.*

Richard II. may be considered as the prologue to the trilogy, owing to the continual references which, as we have seen, Shakespeare makes in *1 Henry IV.* to the events as described in the earlier play. But the total difference in style between the two makes it certain that they are separated in composition by some years. *Richard II.* was written as a single work, without any thought of a sequel; it is in the manner of the first period (p. viii)—the lines are generally end-stopped, rhyme is very frequent, as are poetical conceits and passages of lyrical elaboration not

strictly conditioned by the action. All these features are absent from *1 Henry IV.*; rhyme is infrequent, and there are few passages of any length where a sentence is not ended in the middle of a line.

On the other hand the Second Part of *Henry IV.* is exactly similar in manner to the First, and, from the point of view of style and subject, might be regarded as forming a single play with it. The action begins immediately after the battle of Shrewsbury, and the Archbishop of York's rebellion which was being prepared in *1 Henry IV.*, IV. iv., is set on foot. Indeed this Scene has really no meaning except in relation to the Second Part, and the same is true of the closing words of the play. Again, Falstaff's life is continued, without interruption, where it was dropped in the First Part. There is the same general optimism and buoyancy in both parts; this is continued in *Henry V.*, and is in strong contrast with the fateful gloom that hangs over *Richard II.*

The three later plays, however, differ very considerably among themselves in their construction, and of the three the First Part of *Henry IV.* has incomparably the greatest dramatic unity, even if we regard the comic scenes as an underplot, such as occurs in most of Shakespeare's comedies. In fact, from this point of view, Act IV. Scene iv. and the closing speech are the only parts that assimilate the play to the chronicle-type to which the others belong, and though its construction differs in one respect from the ordinary Shakespearean comedy, it has otherwise almost as much unity. In comparison with it the Second Part is jerky and rambling, though in everything else but construction it is the equal of the First.

The unity of *1 Henry IV.* rests mainly on three considerations:—

(i) The subject of the main plot is a single one, the rebellion leading to the battle of Shrewsbury, the crisis of the play; and all the serious scenes except IV. iv. have an immediate bearing on this. On the other hand, the Second Part is a chronicle covering the events of many years.

(ii) The play, besides being the history of a rebellion,

is a descant on the theme of *honour*; and this contributes enormously to its unity of impression. The word is continually recurring as a leading motive; Hotspur and Prince Henry are in different ways embodiments of it, while Falstaff stands for its ironical critic (cp. V. i. 127-40).

(iii) The crisis occurs in the fifth, not in the third Act; this, while giving the play a turbulent instead of the usual quiet ending, actually adds to its unity. To take the serious scenes by themselves, the first two Acts contain the causes of the rebellion, and form the exposition; the third shows the rebellion in actual movement, the fourth contains the last preparations for the battle, and the fifth the battle itself. The comic scenes take their own course as a separate underplot till Act III., Scene iii., when the characters of the underplot are merged in the main stream of events.

It is noticeable, however, that the underplot, the robbery of the travellers, really comes to an end in II. iv., and survives only in the characters who take part in it, but not as an element in the action.

These comic scenes are also separated in another respect from the rest. They are purely Elizabethan, and portray vividly the London life of Shakespeare's own time, though the anachronisms of the turkeys (II. i. 11) and the pistol (II. iv. 325) have no significance in this connection, as Shakespeare is always careless of such things. It was, too, the Elizabethan tavern that was the scene of such combats of wit as those of Falstaff and the Prince, and Shakespeare probably took part in many such at the *Mermaid*; but the conjecture may not be quite without foundation, that Chettle, the buffoon of the *Mermaid* tavern, "sweating and blowing by reason of his fatness, to welcome whom, because he was of old acquaintance all [that were in the poets' heaven] rose up and fell presently on their knees,"[1] was the original of Sir John Falstaff.

(*b*) *Relation of the play to Holinshed's Chronicles.*—The *Chronicles* supply virtually the whole foundation for the

[1] Dekker's *Knight's Conjuring* (1607).

historical scenes, as has been already said, but except in a few passages Shakespeare borrows very little of Holinshed's language, and it is unnecessary to say that he utterly transforms his materials, here as elsewhere.

The first edition of the *Chronicles* appeared in 1577, but Shakespeare probably used the second (published in 1587) for this play. For example, *pick-thanks* (III. ii. 25) is also in the corresponding passage of the second edition of Holinshed, but not in the first.

A comparison of the various scenes with the passages of Holinshed brought together below (pp. 99-106) will show the extent of Shakespeare's debt, but the general lines may be indicated here.

(1) As Shakespeare had practically no other historical authority, it will be found that where Holinshed deviates from history Shakespeare does also (see pp. xx, xxi above).

(2) Shakespeare naturally omits many incidents recorded by Holinshed which are irrelevant or unnecessary to his main story. To take one instance out of many, he makes no mention of the work of the archers at the battle of Shrewsbury.

(3) Shakespeare often expands a bare hint of Holinshed into whole scenes; the mere mention of Hotspur's wife in Holinshed is the foundation for all the scenes in which "Lady Percy" appears. Further, Shakespeare is careful to supply motives for actions which in most cases are simply chronicled as facts by Holinshed (cp. V. ii. 4-25); and of course many scenes which owe nothing to Holinshed are merely designed to develop character (cp. II. iii.).

(4) The few cases of alteration in details are generally dictated by the needs of dramatic compression or vividness, and especially by the desire to exalt the character of Prince Henry, who is a far less important person in Holinshed than in Shakespeare. These are indicated in the notes, or in the prefatory notes to the scenes. The following are the most significant:—

(i) The expedition to the Holy Land (I. i. 18) is only mooted in the last year of Henry's reign, according to Holinshed, not in the first; (ii) Holinshed's *shot* (*i.e.*

arrows) becomes *artillery* in I. i. 57; (iii) in Holinshed, Worcester, not Hotspur (I. iii. 78-80), asks for the ransom of Mortimer; (iv) the Percies' interview takes place at Windsor, not London (I. iii.); (v) Henry made only two expeditions against Glendower before the battle of Shrewsbury, not three (III. i. 66-8): the third is placed by Holinshed in 1405; (vi) the triple division (III. i. 72-80) is discussed by deputies in Holinshed; (vii) the Prince loses his place in council after, not before (III. ii. 52), the battle of Shrewsbury, and the whole interview with his father is suggested by Holinshed's account of one in 1412; (viii) not Blunt (IV. iii.), but the Abbot of Shrewsbury, is sent to negotiate with the rebels; (ix) there are some changes connected with the battle of Shrewsbury, on which see the prefatory notes to V. i., iii., iv.: the killing of Hotspur by the Prince and not by an unknown hand is the most important of these.

Finally, three changes are mere slips; see notes on I. i. 68, 71, and the Index under "Mortimer of Scotland."

(*c*) *Shakespeare and Euphuism.*—The scene where Falstaff impersonates first the King and then the Prince (II. iv. 350-448) is partly a burlesque of Lyly's *Euphues*, and some of its humour lies in the absurd euphuism which Falstaff passes off as the dignified utterance of a king. Lyly's novel, *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, appeared in 1579, and the affectations of its style became the fashion not only of court speech but of contemporary English literature. Euphuism was a late product of the Renaissance, due to various causes; and Lyly in England was only the mouthpiece of a spirit which prevailed in most countries of Europe much about the same time.

The enthusiasm for the classical writers that marked the early Renaissance brought certain mannerisms of style into the vernacular literatures; these are seen, in the luxuriance of decay, in *Euphues*. The chief marks of this style, as it appears there, are (i) an excess of antitheses and rhetorical questions, (ii) far-fetched similes from natural history, generally taken at second hand from the Roman naturalist, Pliny, (iii) a parade of scholarship and of mythological allusion, (iv) a preciosity

in the choice of epithets, and a love of alliteration and playing on words.

All the above are illustrated in one of Shakespeare's earliest plays, *Love's Labour's Lost*, written when Euphuism still dominated court circles; in this play Shakespeare, while satirising its affectations rather heavily in Holofernes and Armado, is himself caught in the stream; and when Biron (V. ii. 406-7) forswears his

> Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> Figures pedantical,

we hear the voice of Shakespeare confessing his own absorption by them.

The Euphuism that is to be found in *Richard II.* has advanced from that of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and, especially in King Richard's speeches, has become imaginative and passionate instead of being merely fanciful and superficial. But by the time that Shakespeare wrote *Henry IV.* he had dropped even this refined form of Euphuism, and was able to play lightly with the euphuistic mannerisms in a pure spirit of burlesque. We see the antitheses and rhetorical questions of Euphuism in II. iv. 380-3, 385-8, 423-7, the alliteration in lines 387-8, the euphuistic play on words—which is quite different in character from Falstaff's ordinary puns—in lines 379-80, the similes from natural history in lines 373-5, 397-8, and the parade of scholarship in lines 383-5—an exquisite example of pure parody, where Falstaff cites one of the best known Biblical proverbs in English as if he had come to it after vast research.

It is the spirit rather than the words of Lyly which Shakespeare is generally burlesquing in this Scene, but the simile in lines 373-4 is actually founded on the following passage of Lyly:—"Although iron, the more it is used, the brighter it is, yet silver with much wearing doth waste to nothing. . . . Though the camomill, the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth, yet the violet, the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth." Finally, it may be mentioned

that the passage about pitch defiling gains an additional point from the fact that the proverb is also quoted by Lyly.

(d) The Characters.

King Henry IV.—The King is not a very sympathetic character, though more so than the Bolingbroke of *Richard II.* He is indeed prompt and practical in his measures for the suppression of the rebellion (III. ii. 170-80), and throughout he is a calm and dignified figure, especially when brought face to face with the Percies; his description of himself as not quick to anger but mighty when roused (I. iii. 1-9) seems a true one, and he has already refused to allow passion to sway his decisions (I. i. 106-7). He is as fearless in face of danger as in *Richard II.*, though Shakespeare obscures his personal share in the battle of Shrewsbury for the sake of Prince Henry; we may be quite sure that his beard did not "turn white with the news" (II. iv. 340) of the rebellion, and that it was not with fear that he trembled at Mortimer's name (I. iii. 144).

He probably did not tremble even with anger, for it is a deep policy that underlies his speech in I. iii. 85-91, as Hotspur sees later (I. iii. 158-9). He feigns to be in a passion against Mortimer to conceal his real purpose in refusing to ransom him; and throughout the play this craftiness is one of the leading features of his character. It comes out well in the account he gives to his son of the hypocrisy he practised before his accession (III. ii. 39-59); and he is evidently proud of it.

In the light of his habitual dissimulation we may even doubt whether his offers to the rebels (IV. iii. 42-51, V. i. 106-8) are sincerely meant; Hotspur doubts them (IV. iii. 52-3), and so does Worcester (V. ii. 4-5). Worcester may not be a good witness, but he is right in thinking that Henry will be continually suspicious of the rebels even if he pardons them for the time (V. ii. 6-8). His continual suspicion is in fact only the other face of his craft. He mistrusts Hotspur, Mortimer, and his own

son, and even after his reconciliation with him (III. ii.) pursues him with suspicions right to the end of *2 Henry IV.*

So far Henry is the same as the Bolingbroke of *Richard II.* But he has changed somewhat; for now he is lonely and unhappy, and has a dread of retribution (III. ii. 4-7), that pursues him to the end, for the "indirect crook'd ways" by which he met the crown (cp. *2 Henry IV.*, IV. v. 185-6). A tragic irony follows him throughout, from the first words in the play, when he thinks all his troubles are over (I. i. 5-18), to his last in the Second Part, where his hopes of fighting in Jerusalem are mocked by his death in the Jerusalem chamber. It is this that gives his death scene a pathos which would not be felt if he were a wholly unsympathetic character.

Sir John Falstaff.[1]—Falstaff is so much the dominant figure in the comic scenes in which he appears that no excuse is needed for speaking of him before Prince Henry. Not only does he dominate his own scenes by his superior intelligence, but he almost forces everyone else to accept for the time being his own standpoint—the humorous view of life, which is the explanation of all Falstaff's apparent incongruities, of how he can be "at once," as Maurice Morgann says, "a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honour."

This view has certainly very little to do with his puns and plays upon words, which would perhaps be tedious to modern ears if they were not relieved by the atmosphere of comedy which surrounds the whole character. It follows that Falstaff's humour is rather to be sought in the ironical criticism and the ridicule by means of which he rejects everything in the world that men call serious, so far as it interferes with his happiness. He lives in a world of his own, where the ordinary moral valuations have no importance, and vanish when tried by his touchstone.

[1] The following sketch owes a good deal to Professor Bradley's lecture on "The Rejection of Falstaff."

Honour is shown to be a "mere scutcheon" (V. i. 127-40) when it threatens to take from him that life which is to him the one thing of supreme value, and in which he has such a huge delight.

His delight is not merely a matter of sack and sugar, and of taking his ease at his inn (III. iii. 75); it lies rather in that world of make-believe and incongruity which he has formed for himself and into which he gathers these and other common things of life. Everything, including himself, exists for him as a subject for his laughter and an exercise for his wit. He loves to pretend that he is an innocent man in a world of villains (II. iv. 120; cp. I. ii. 86-9, 102, iv. 116, III. iii. 9); he forgives the Hostess after he has wronged her (III. iii. 160); he calls the travellers he is robbing "fat chuffs," as if they were so many Falstaffs (II. ii. 83), and says that "they hate us youth" (II. ii. 80; cp. II. iv. 276). His quick changes "from praying to purse-taking" (I. ii. 92-7) show that he takes neither very seriously.

His very lies are part of the game, and Falstaff is not a liar at all, in the ordinary sense of the word: he has no intention of deceiving and generally no expectation of being believed. He increases his men in buckram from two to eleven in the course of a few speeches (II. iv. 176-203), merely to amuse the Prince with his "open palpable lies" (II. iv. 211; cp. 141-4); and he pretends to have fought "a long hour" with Hotspur (V. iv. 145) when the Prince knows it was only a few minutes since Hotspur has been killed. This is not the way in which the true liar attempts to deceive. Falstaff, in fact, is continually getting himself into tight corners for the pleasure of getting out of them; and it is these "tricks and devices" to which the Prince and Poins looked forward with such zest (II. iv. 246-8; cp. I. ii. 178); and these explain his lies. "Mark how a plain tale shall put you down," says the Prince (II. iv. 238-9); but Falstaff is not put down.

Again, Falstaff is really no more a coward than a liar, if we look to the intention and not merely to the external act. He certainly does a few things which would disgrace a Hotspur: he runs away when set upon by the Prince

and Poins (II. ii. 97), he falls down and shams death to avoid being killed by Douglas (V. iv. 76), and he utters threats against the absent Prince (III. iii. 80) which he takes back in his presence (*ib.*, 138). We may admit at once that he is not naturally brave, like Hotspur; but that does not prove him a coward, and on Falstaff's theory of life Hotspur's risking all for honour is merely foolish. When Falstaff is obviously outnumbered or outmatched, he has no reason for staying to risk his life for the sake of something which is to him a mere word (V. i. 128), or to let himself be beaten by the Prince when he can avoid it by a jest.

His action, we might even say, is the result of an intellectual choice; it is not the effect of fear, and so not of cowardice. As a matter of fact, he shows no fear whatever at any moment; he is as calm on the battlefield as in Eastcheap; he is quite ready for death if it comes, though he will not let it come if he can help it (V. iii. 53-9; cp. II. iv. 463-5). Again, he does not want to let the sheriff in, but more that he may "play out the play" than for any other reason (II. iv. 451); and when the sheriff does come in, and Falstaff has prudently hidden himself, he is so little afraid that he at once falls asleep (*ib.*, 494). Further, if he had been in an agony of fear, he would not have fought a moment with the Douglas, and would have run away with Bardolph after the robbery, instead of staying for "a blow or two" (II. iii. 97). Poins exactly describes his attitude when he distinguishes him from the "true-bred cowards," and says that he will not "fight *longer than he sees reason*" (I. ii. 172-3).

Finally, Falstaff is certainly not thought a coward by the outer world: Westmoreland speaks to him as to an equal (IV. i. 50)—even the drawers know him for an aristocrat (II. iv. 10); he is with the nobles in the King's interview with Worcester before Shrewsbury (V. i. 28); and in the Second Part (IV. iii.) Colevile, "a famous rebel," yields at his mere name, even though it may have been "more of his courtesy than your deserving," as Prince John says to him.

Falstaff certainly "roared" while running away after

the robbery (II. ii. 105, iv. 243), and it may be confessed that it is difficult to take this as anything else but a sign of fear; it is the only one, however, in the two plays, and for this reason we may regard it as a ludicrous addition made by Shakespeare to his running away, without much thought as to its consistency. Perhaps, even, it may have been part of his first design to make the old reprobate companion of the Prince an ordinary coward, and when he turned the old reprobate into a Falstaff he left traces of the early conception. We need not take Falstaff's words to Prince Henry in II. iv. 341-5 ("but tell me, Hal, art thou not horrible afeard?") as evidence that he is himself afraid; he is only trying to frighten Henry and embellish his news. The Prince assumes in his answer (*ib.*, 346) that Falstaff is frightened, but in this regard as in others the Prince does not wholly understand Falstaff; besides, he is so pleased with Falstaff's joke on "instinct" that he loses no opportunity in this scene of repeating it. Falstaff is speaking the truth when he says "indeed I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal" (II. iii. 63-4).

But though he is neither a coward nor a liar, he cannot be acquitted of being a thief. Thieving is in fact, as he says, his "vocation" (I. ii. 98); he does not like paying back stolen money (III. iii. 168); he robs the travellers and cheats the hostess (III. iii. 61-9), as he does Justice Shallow in the Second Part, and he "misuses the king's press damnably" (IV. ii. 12). This is the negative side of his attitude to honour; if he could live from his humour, he no doubt would; but with regard to the need of money, he is in the toils of circumstance. From Falstaff's point of view, stealing in some sense is a necessity; it is difficult to say that it is a regrettable necessity, for he takes such delight in it for the mere "recreation sake" (I. ii. 245) that he makes others feel the same delight. But it brings him, as his other activities do not, in conflict with the real world, which cannot in this take him at his own valuation. This is the beginning of the rift between him and Prince Henry, which widens until Henry becomes king and turns Falstaff for ever away (*2 Henry IV.*, V. v.).

Prince Henry.—We have already said that the Prince is the real hero of the series and that he is shown in the best light in *Henry V.* In some sense, the main subject of the plays is his change from the irresponsible youth, "the moon's man" (I. ii. 29), of *1* and *2 Henry IV.* and especially of the first two Acts of the First Part to the great king of the later play. The key to Henry's character lies in the answer to the question, "in what sense are we to interpret his change?"

In the opening scene of *Henry V.* two theories are given of it. The Archbishop of Canterbury describes the change as quite sudden; "his wildness seem'd to die" when his father did (cp. *Henry V.*, I. i. 24-37). These words would apply to the Henry of *The Famous Victories*, but not to Shakespeare's, and the Bishop of Ely's explanation is evidently meant to be the true one, if we interpret it aright. He says (*Henry V.*, I. i. 60-5):—

> The strawberry grows underneath the nettle . . .
> And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
> Under the veil of wildness; which [i.e. *contemplation*], no doubt,
> Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night.

The change lay in the development of Henry's serious qualities as a soldier and statesman; it lay in the transition from the high-spirited duellist of Shrewsbury (cp. V. i. 97-100) to the politic victor of Agincourt. It was not a change from wildness to seriousness. Henry was always at heart serious, the diplomatic "coveter of honour" (cp. *Henry V.*, IV. iii. 28) who "let himself go" with Falstaff quite consciously, as he shows by the monologue at the end of I. ii. For the audience, Ely's words "obscured his . . . wildness" are a direct reference to this monologue and are meant to recall it, though we need not suppose that Ely himself implied that the "obscuring" was deliberate.

We cannot acquit Henry of showing in this monologue a certain hard diplomacy, a disposition to use others merely for his own advantage, even if we regard the speech, with many of Shakespeare's soliloquies, as conveying to the audience the speaker's general attitude of mind rather than his actual expression of it at any moment. This diplomacy

is just what we should expect from Henry IV.'s son, and if it appears very little in *Henry V.* (*e.g.* in III. vi. 105-9), this is mainly because there is little opportunity for its exercise, and also because in that play Shakespeare's object is to emphasise only the more attractive qualities of his hero.

It would naturally be absurd to go to the other extreme and to say that the Prince is merely putting on "loose behaviour" for politic reasons and that he takes no delight in Falstaff. Of course he is thoroughly enjoying himself throughout these scenes—if he were not, he would be merely a contemptible hypocrite—and they have even a positive effect on his character, in giving him a fellow-feeling with all classes of his future subjects; it is because he is here "sworn brother to a leash of drawers" (II. iv. 6) that he can talk with his soldiers as he does before Agincourt (*Henry V.*, IV. i. viii.)—we can imagine how Williams would have fared at the hands of Henry IV.!

But when we have said this, we have said all; otherwise the Prince belongs very little to the world of Falstaff, and is really out of the atmosphere of the scenes in which Falstaff appears. His father speaks of his "riot and dishonour" (I. i. 85), but the most riotous thing he does in the play is to rob a couple of robbers in order that he may pay back the money they have stolen (II. iv. 512). Shakespeare evidently means that the Prince has never been a thief in his life (cp. I. ii. 129, 133); though his manner of talk to Falstaff, when he first appears, might make us at first think he had (I. ii. 28-36, 93); but it is mere talk, and the first impression, which is that of the "wild Prince Henry" of the old play, is soon removed. That he is not a thief is of course to his credit and of a piece with his true character; but it makes his part in the Falstaff scenes an unreal one, even if his affectation of raffishness is not positively against him.

The Prince is not only more truly himself, but he is also a more attractive figure, in the serious than in the comic scenes; for in the first there is no one who is really his superior, while in the second he is overshadowed by Falstaff. He enjoys Falstaff's humour, though he despises him for lacking qualities in which he himself excels—honour, bravery,

truth-telling; but his own humour is not of a very high quality, and without Falstaff it is nothing, as we see from the rather tedious "jest of the drawer" (II. iv. 26-86). Even in the conversations with Falstaff his active part in the game consists largely of abuse, of which he has an astonishing vocabulary; but of Falstaff's humorous play of ideas he has very little (contrast II. iv. 414-427 with 371-390), and indeed it would not be suited to the practical man of action that he afterwards becomes.

But in the serious scenes of the present play he is wholly admirable, and his hardness does not appear again till his rejection of Falstaff at the end of the Second Part. In his own world of action he is a high-minded soldier, generous to his enemies (cp. V. i. 89-92, V. iv. 88-93), and careless of the name of honour if he can have the reality (V. iv. 155-6). His nature is a simple one—we do not believe him when he says he is "of all humours" (II. iv. 88):—he neither possesses nor needs a great imagination; he has a keen insight into characters of the same reach as his own, such as Hotspur's (II. iv. 96-102), though he is unable fully to comprehend such as, like Falstaff, have a different scheme of life. We are perfectly able to understand from this play and the next how Henry becomes a great English king; and this is Shakespeare's intention.

Hotspur.—Shakespeare has taken particular pains to make Hotspur a living and vivid figure by giving him small traits such as quick speech (*2 Henry IV.*, II. iii. 24; cp. *1 Henry IV.*, I. iii. 242-8) and absence of mind (II. iii., III. i. 6). He resembles Prince Henry in the essential qualities of a soldier; he is as brave as the Prince, and even more set on honour (cp. I. iii. 195-7). He is not so generous, however, to Henry as Henry to him (IV. i. 111-2, V. ii. 70-2), and his impulsive, quick temper stands in strong contrast with the Prince's habitual calm. He will quarrel and ask for impossibilities, merely for the sake of having his own way (III. i. 95-138); he will not let others speak when he is excited (I. iii. 213), and he wishes to fight as soon as he has reached the camp (IV. iii. 1-15), in spite of more prudent counsels. He is "a hare-brained Hotspur

governed by a spleen" (V. ii. 19), and cannot admit the thought of failure (IV. i. 76, 130-2), though he will "die merrily" (*ib.*, 134) if he must.

He is by nature incapable of hypocrisy, and really quite unfitted to take part in a conspiracy. He certainly hails Worcester's suggestion as "a noble plot" (I. iii. 279), but chiefly because it will give him opportunity for instant action, which is his "sport" *ib.*, 301-2). When he does realise that a conspiracy needs secrecy and care he is uneasy, "starts when he sits alone," and talks in his sleep (II. iii. 40-59).

He professes contempt for poetry and music (III. i. 128), and his ordinary diction is colloquial (cp. I. iii. 230-3), while in thought he is sceptical and rationalistic (III. i. 53-4). But when he is excited, his diction takes a curiously imaginative colouring; he deals in striking personifications (such as that of honour in I. iii. 195-207), which sometimes degenerate into rant (cp. IV. i. 113-7); his descriptions, too, such as those of the fight between Glendower and Mortimer (I. iii. 95-107) and of the earthquake (III. i. 24-34), are remarkable for their imaginative quality, and we may even be doubtful how far such speeches are truly in character, and whether we are not really listening to Shakespeare speaking through Hotspur. The description of the earthquake has certainly the ring of the later tragedies, and the last words of Hotspur (V. iv. 81-5) are so wonderful as to seem quite beyond the reach of a plain soldier who "professes not talking" (V. ii. 92; cp. 78).

It may be mentioned that the same doubt attaches to a few of the King's speeches in *Henry V.* It is a simpler view of Hotspur, and perhaps a truer one, to take him at his own valuation as a scorner of "mincing poetry" (III. i. 132), and to leave the poetry put into his mouth to the credit of his creator.

The remaining characters need little comment, and are mainly foils to the other figures. **Worcester** is the typical conspirator, who loves crooked ways (I. iii. 259-76) and has a considerable insight into natures like his own (I. iii. 258, IV. i. 60-83). All his actions are dictated by

calm calculation, *e.g.* his irritation of the king (I. iii. 10-3), his recommending an impossibility in order to end a quarrel (III. i. 111-3), and his final act of treachery (V. ii.), which only fails because he is driven to stake all on the losing side. **Vernon** is contrasted with him as an example of honesty and generosity (V. ii. 52-69), though he is finally persuaded to countenance his suppression of the King's offer (V. ii. 1-26).

Glendower is distinguished by a complacent conceit (III. i. 12), which only the strain of real poetry in him (III. i. 121-3, 211-9) makes tolerable. **Douglas**, who is otherwise a mere echo of Hotspur (IV. iii. 1-14), has the same arrogance (V. ii. 45) without the poetry. **Lady Percy** is an attractive figure, with a nature not unlike Hotspur's own in its mixture of banter and seriousness (II. iii.). **Mortimer** is amorous and romantic (III. i. 198-208), but not "foolish," as the King thinks him (I. iii. 80), unless it be counted foolishness to marry one whose language he does not understand. **Northumberland** is timid and half-hearted (I. iii. 300), and we see from the Second Part that even the sickness that prevents him coming to the battle of Shrewsbury (IV. i. 16) is partly feigned (*2 Henry IV.*, Induction, 37, "Northumberland lies crafty-sick").

Of the comic figures other than Falstaff, **Poins** is the nearest to the Prince's heart: he contrives the counterplot against Falstaff (I. ii. 151) and joins Henry in his jest of the drawer (II. iv.); but he does not understand the Prince on his serious side at all, as we see from the Second Part (II. ii.). **Gadshill** is the "setter" of the plots (II. ii. 48), but is otherwise a braggart and a coward, and obviously a suspicious looking character (II. i.). **Bardolph** is mainly distinguished by his red nose (II. iv. 297, III. iii. 21-3), **Mistress Quickly** by her density of understanding (III. iii. 108-24).

Metre.—The greater part of the dialogue in *Henry IV.* is written in blank verse. A normal blank verse consists of ten syllables, divided into five feet of two syllables each, the second syllable having a full stress, *e.g.*

Till fíelds | and blów̃s | and gróans | applaúd | our spórt.

If this were adhered to throughout the effect would be most monotonous: and therefore different devices are adopted to avoid monotony, such as varying the position and character of the stresses, and increasing or decreasing the number of syllables.

I. A weak stress may be substituted for a strong stress in any part of the line, and hence there may be only four or even only three full stresses in the line, *e.g.*

Becaúse | the kíng | is cér | tainlỳ | possés'd

Of bás | ilìsks, | of cán | non, cúl | verìn

There are a few lines with light endings (p. vii), such as

The héarts | of áll | that hè | did án | gle fòr

but no weak endings.

Occasionally a foot loses its stress altogether, *e.g.*

He cáme | but to | be Dúke | of Lán | castèr

II. A strong stress is often made to fall on the first syllable of the foot. In this case the second syllable may either lose its natural stress or retain it, *e.g.*

Úseth | the spár | row; dìd | oppréss | our nést

And fòr | whose déath | wé in | the wórld's | wíde móuth

Instances of two consecutive feet bearing inverted stresses are very rare; the following is an example:

Trémbling | éven at | the náme | of Mór | timèr

III. The number of syllables in a line is increased or diminished.

(*a*) An extra unaccented syllable is found at the end of a line. This is called a "double" or "feminine" ending, and is comparatively rare in this play, *e.g.*

And thàt | his friénds | by dèp | utá | tion coúld | *not*

Só do | wé. Hís | is cér | tain, óurs | is doúbt | *ful*

(*b*) An extra syllable often occurs in the middle of a line before a pause, *e.g.*

To loáthe | the táste | of swéet | *ness*, whereòf | a lít | *tle*

(*c*) Conversely, lines that have only nine syllables sometimes occur. In such cases the place of the missing syllable is supplied by a pause, *e.g.*

Awáy, | good Néd. | (—) Fál | staff swéats | to déath

Nót an | ínch fúr | ther. (—) | But hárk | you, Káte

IV. Shakespeare has some other licenses which may be called matters of prosody rather than metre, and which partly come from the probable Elizabethan practice of pronouncing the words more rapidly than we do, and slurring one word into another.

(*a*) When two vowels stand next each other in the same or different words, without an intervening consonant other than a lightly stressed *h*, one of the vowels may coalesce with the other. This is especially true of unemphatic monosyllables like *to, the*; *e.g.*

O, then | th(*e*) éarth shook | to sée | the héavens | on fíre

Which mán | y a good | tall fel | low had | destróy'd

Under this head come a number of words ending in *-ion, -ians*, etc. These terminations are usually treated as monosyllabic, e.g. *variation* (I. i. 64), *musicians* (III. i. 223); but are often made dissyllabic at the end of a verse, e.g. *musician* (III. i. 231), *patience* (I. iii. 200), *disputation* (III. i. 203). The termination *-ed* is sometimes sounded (I. i. 107), sometimes the *e* is elided (III. i. 28). In I. i. 21 the *e* is sounded in the one participle (*impressed*) and elided in the other (*engaged*).

(*b*) Sometimes the unstressed part of a foot is made to consist of two very lightly sounded and unemphatic syllables, e.g. *for he* (I. iii. 53), *brother* (I. iii. 80), *we may* (IV. i. 55). This is especially common before *l, m, n, r*, e.g. *pris(o)ners* (I. iii. 120), *pow(e)r* (I. iii. 280), *abs(o)lute*

(IV. iii. 50). It is a question whether some vowels were elided or slurred, but for metrical purposes elision and slurring are equivalent.

(*c*) On the other hand the letter *r* is sometimes treated as syllabic, and an intrusive vowel sounded before it in an emphatic word, e.g. *art* (I. iii. 18) and *fear* (IV. iii. 7) have the metrical value of dissyllables, *farewell* (I. iii. 234), *marshal* (IV. iv. 2), and *dearly* (V. i. 84) that of trisyllables. *L* has the same effect in *bootless* (III. i. 66), which is metrically a trisyllable. This, however, may be explained as the lengthening of the first syllable to the value of a whole foot, as is possibly the case with *which* in III. i. 199.

V. Incomplete lines of one, two, three, or four feet are often introduced into the dialogue, *e.g.* III. i. 222 (one foot), IV. i. 55 (two feet), II. iii. 97 (three feet), V. ii. 36 (four feet).

VI. Alexandrines, or lines of six feet, are occasionally found; *e.g.* II. iii. 59, IV. iii. 12, V. ii. 8. Some lines that seem to be Alexandrines may be brought under the foregoing sections, *e.g.* III. i. 211, V. iv. 158. In III. i. 62 the exclamation *come, come*, may be regarded as outside the line; *in faith* is so printed in I. i. 76.

VII. It may be added that in some words the accentuation differs from that of modern English, e.g. *aspects* (I. i. 97), *portent* (V. i. 29) are accented on the last syllable. Such words will be remarked in the notes.

Rhyme.—In *1 Henry IV.* rhyme is no longer the basis of the dialogue as it was in many passages of the earlier plays, e.g. *Love's Labour's Lost*, where there are nearly twice as many rhymed as blank verse lines. Rhyme, however, is sometimes used to mark the conclusion of a scene or part of a scene (*e.g.* I. ii. 204-5, III. ii. 179-80, V. iii. 28-29; III. iii. 191-4, IV. i. 131-6), but is otherwise very rare. It occasionally ends short speeches (*e.g.* I. iii. 27-8, IV. iii. 36-7), but not long ones; the contrary is generally

the case, and so the rhymes in the short speeches may be accidental. The rhyme in the Prince's speech on Falstaff (V. iv. 105-10) may be taken to represent that his regret is not very serious; in any case it has the value of a "false ending" to the scene, and Falstaff's sudden rise is thereby made more effective.

Prose.—Prose and verse are fairly well balanced in *1 Henry IV.* The conditions governing the use of prose in this play are mainly the following:—

(1) Comic characters and people of humble life usually speak in prose, for example, Poins, Bardolph, Gadshill, Mistress Quickly, etc. Falstaff always speaks in prose, except for the rhymed tag in which he is imitating Prince Henry's bombast (III. iii. 193-4) and the three lines in "King Cambyses' vein" (II. iv. 365, 367-8). In conversation with these the Prince generally speaks in prose, though he always uses verse in speaking to the King and the other serious characters.

(2) Prose, being the language of ordinary conversation, is occasionally used in the middle of serious scenes to lower the dramatic pitch. Hotspur uses prose for this purpose in III. i. 225-59, though he turns to verse in lines 229-31, 248-254, and Lady Percy suits her style to his humour. Similarly Glendower uses prose in lines 194-8 of the same scene. Conversely the change from prose to verse heightens the tone of a scene; and thus the Prince naturally uses verse in his soliloquy in I. ii. 182-205, when he is dissociating himself from Falstaff, and in II. iv. 472-490, while he is adopting a dignified attitude to the sheriff; he returns to prose again in line 492, after the sheriff has gone.

(3) Prose is naturally used in the letter addressed to Hotspur (II. iii. 1-32), and therefore in the comments made by Hotspur while reading it.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*
HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *sons to the*
JOHN *of Lancaster,* } *King.*
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* DOUGLAS.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*

POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*
LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,

Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;

Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.
King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.
West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London. An apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter the Prince of Wales *and* Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and the blessed sun himself a fair wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon.

As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain: I 'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I 'll make one; and I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that 's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home. 135

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. 141

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap. 147

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, Allhallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders. 156

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them. 162

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves. 165

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave

them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*

Scene III. *London. The palace.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, *with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.
North. My lord,—
King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Wor.*
You were about to speak. [*To North.*
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood:
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,

Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause a while:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalised and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit

As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—
Hot. I 'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I 'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that 's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla 'Mortimer!'

Nay,
I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I 'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tieing thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
North. At Berkley-castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin';
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord [*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we 'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I 'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer:
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I. *Rochester. An inn yard.*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand.*

First Car. Heigh-ho! and it be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point: poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. . . . What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I 'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I 'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for

the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where 's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I 'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I 'll starve ere I 'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They*

whistle.] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. And I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH *and* PETO *with him.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah, caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we 'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS *disguised.*

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now

could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves *again.*

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. And the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Warkworth Castle.*

Enter Hotspur *solus, reading a letter.*

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me

see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;'—why, that 's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*
Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise: but if you go—
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
And if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God 's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter the Prince, *and* Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one

quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I 'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

NOTRE DAME

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye: what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what 's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS.

What 's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I 'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you round man, what 's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, I 'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I 'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All 's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What 's the matter?

Fal. What 's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that 's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained

guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst

thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let 's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, and thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

WITHDRAWN

Fal. Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would wear truths out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher

and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace:

there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? 427

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan. 431

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a misleader of youth, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. 447

Prince. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what 's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

Enter Sheriff *and the* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let 's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [*reads*]

Item, A capon,	. . .	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce,	. . .	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons,	.	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	. . . .	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread,	. . .	ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep

close; we 'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I 'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I 'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *Bangor. The* Archdeacon's *house.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, *and* Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.
Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.
Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there 's no man speaks better Welsh.
I 'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil

By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!
Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here 's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,

For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I 'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I 'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments: valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER *with the ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*The lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation.
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is humorous.
By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song,*

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. And the indentures be drawn, I 'll

away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we 'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London. The palace.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, *and others.*

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me, else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge

Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he';
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down,
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.
Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.
King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,

Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed
Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.
King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let 's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I 'll repent, and

that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I 'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there 's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:

but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I 'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you

rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I 'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper! 79

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the PRINCE *and* PETO, *marching, and* FALSTAFF *meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march? 84

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me. 90

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack? 94

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you. 101

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There 's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else. 104

Fal. There 's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she 's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million! thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I 'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, and I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning: Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, *and* Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word: approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou here?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bears his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt

Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A public road near Coventry.*

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I 'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house holders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nosed inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge. 44

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack; how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I 'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. We 'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we 'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *York. The Archbishop's palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York *and* Sir Michael.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:

The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt:
And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir. M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter the King, *the* Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, *and* Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,

A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!
Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:

And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,

More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I 'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The rebel camp.*

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot:
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I 'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare: the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

Scene III. *Plain between the Camps.*

The King *enters with his power. Alarum to the battle.*

Then enter Douglas *and* Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All 's done, all 's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, *solus.*

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here 's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there 's honour for you! here 's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there 's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. [*Exit.* 59

Scene IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, *the* Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, *and* Earl of Westmoreland.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up, 5
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I 'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: 10
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland, 15
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.*

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight: Douglas flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I 'll to Clifton straight.
King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.
King. Make up to Clifton: I 'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
Prince. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising up*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter the Prince of Wales *and* Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.
Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

Fal. I 'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit.*

Scene V. *Another part of the field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, *with* Worcester *and* Vernon *prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

SELECTIONS

FROM

HOLINSHED'S CHRONICLE.

N.B.—The following passages from Holinshed are arranged in accordance with the Scenes of Shakespeare which are mainly based on them. The order of the passages as they occur in Holinshed has therefore been in some cases slightly altered. Verbal imitations have been placed in italics, and will be further remarked in the Notes.

Act I., Scene i., 1-95.

In this fourteenth and last year of King Henry's reign, a council was held in the White Friars in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and galleys to be built and made ready, and all other things necessary to be provided for a voyage which he meant to make into the holy land, there to recover the city of Jerusalem from the Infidels. . . .

Owen *Glendower*, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of *Hereford* to assemble together against them under the conduct of Edmund *Mortimer* earl of March. But coming to try the matter by battle, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuned that the English power was discomfited, the earl taken prisoner, and about a thousand of his people slain in the place. The *shameful* villany used by the *Welshwomen* towards the *dead* carcases was such as honest ears would be ashamed to hear and continent tongues to speak thereof. . . .

Archibald earl Douglas . . . procured a commission to invade England, and that to his cost. . . . For at a place called Homildon they were so fiercely assailed by the Englishmen, under the leading of the lord Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur, and George earl of

March, that with violence of the English shot they were quite vanquished and put to flight, *on the Rood day* in harvest, with a great slaughter made by the Englishmen. . . . There were slain . . . three *and twenty knights*, besides *ten thousand* of the commons: and of prisoners among other were these, *Mordake earl of Fife*, *son* to the governor Archembald earl *Douglas*, which in the fight lost one of his eyes, Thomas earl of *Murray*, Robert earl of *Angus*, and (as some writers have) the earls of *Athol and Menteith*. . . .

Henry earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas earl of Worcester and his son the lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to king Henry in the beginning of his reign both faithful friends, and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved, because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homildon and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake earl of Fife, the duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings.

ACT I., Scenes i. (96-108), iii.; ACT II., Scene iii., 21-3.

The Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners and their peculiar preys, by the counsel of the lord Thomas Percy earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him) and there required of him, that either by *ransom* or otherwise he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part and was to him faithful and true.

The king began not a little to muse at this request, and not without cause: for indeed it touched him somewhat near, since this *Edmund* was son to Roger earl of March, son to the lady Philip, daughter of Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of king Edward the third: which Edmund at king Richard's going into Ireland, was *proclaimed heir* apparent *to the crown* and realm, whose aunt, called Eleanor, the lord Henry Percy had married: and therefore king Henry could not well hear that any man should be earnest about the advancement of that lineage. The king, when he had studied

on the matter, made answer that the earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his accomplices, and therefore he would neither *ransom* him, nor relieve him.

The Percies, with this answer and fraudulent excuse, were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henry Hotspur said openly: "Behold, the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him." So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose king Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin *Edmund earl of March*, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of king Henry) entered in league with the aforesaid Owen Glendower. . . .

Edmund Mortimer earl of March, . . . whether for irksomeness of cruel captivity or fear of death or for what other cause it is uncertain, agreed to take part with Owen against the king of England, and took to wife the *daughter* of the said Owen.

The Percies, to make their part seem good, devised certain articles, by the advice of Richard Scroop, *archbishop of York*, *brother* to the lord Scroop, whom king Henry had caused to be beheaded at *Bristow*.

Act II., Scene iii.

These articles, being showed to diverse noblemen, and other states of the realm, moved them to favour their purpose, in so much that many of them did not only promise to the Percies aid and succour by words, but also by their writings and seals confirmed the same.

Act II., Scene iv., 316-41.

The lord Henry Percy . . . assembled an army of men of arms and archers forth of Cheshire and Wales. Incontinently his uncle Thomas Percy earl of Worcester, that had the government of the prince of Wales, who as then lay at London, in secret manner conveyed himself out of the prince's house, and coming to Stafford (where he met his nephew) they increased their power by all ways and means they could devise.

Act III., Scene i.

Strange wonders happened (as men reported) *at the nativity* of this man [Edmund Mortimer], for the same night he was born, all

his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies. . . .

In the month of March appeared a blazing star . . . foreshowing (as was thought) the great effusion of blood that followed. . . . For much about the same time [1402] Owen Glendower, with his Welshmen, fought with the lord Grey of Ruthen, coming forth to defend his possessions, which the same Owen wasted and destroyed. . . .

About mid of August [1402] the king . . . went with a great power of men into Wales to pursue the captain of the Welsh rebels, Owen Glendower; but in effect he lost his labour, for Owen . . . (as was thought) through art magic . . . caused such foul *weather* of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of. . . .

Herewith, they, by their deputies in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realm amongst them, causing a *tripartite indenture* to be made and *sealed* with their seals, by the covenants whereof, all *England from Severn and Trent, south and eastward*, was assigned to the earl of March: *all Wales*, and the lands *beyond Severn westward*, were appointed *to Owen Glendower*: and all the *remnant from Trent northward*, to the lord Percy.

This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though king Henry was the *moldwarp*, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, *the lion*, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.

Act III., Scene ii.

Henry prince of Wales, eldest son to king Henry, got knowledge that certain of his father's servants were busy to give informations against him, whereby discord might arise between him and his father: for they put into the king's head, not only what evil rule (according to the course of youth) the prince kept to the offence of many: but also what great resort of people came to his house. . . .

The Prince, sore offended with such persons, as by slanderous reports sought not only to spot his good name abroad in the realm, but to sow discord also betwixt him and his father . . . came to the court with such a number of noble men and other his friends that wished him well, as the like train had been seldom seen repairing to the court at any one time in those days. . . .

He himself, only accompanied with those of the king's house, was straight admitted to the presence of the king his father . . .

[Here Holinshed describes how the Prince offers a dagger to his father in order that he may kill him.]

The king . . . confessed that in deed he had him partly in suspicion, though now (as he perceived) not with just cause, and therefore from thenceforth no misreport should cause him to have him in mistrust, and this he promised of his honour. . . .

Thus were the father and the son reconciled, between whom the said *pickthanks* had sowed division, insomuch that the son, upon a vehement conceit of unkindness sprung in the father, was in the way to be worn out of favour. Which was the more likely to come to pass, by their informations that privily charged him with riot and other uncivil demeanour unseemly for a prince. . . .

The king after expelled him out of his privy council, banished him the court, and made the duke of Clarence (his younger brother) president of council in his stead.

King Henry advertised of the proceedings of the Percies forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and being earnestly called upon by the *Scot*, the earl of March, to make haste and give battle to his enemies, before their power by delaying of time should still too much increase, he passed forward with such speed, that he was in sight of his enemies, lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, before they were in doubt of any such thing. . . .

Act IV., Scene i.

The earl of Northumberland himself was not with them, but being sick, had promised upon his amendment to repair unto them (as some write) with all convenient speed.

Act IV., Scene ii.

. . . not following the evil example of others in times past, which received tag and rag to fill up their numbers, whom they hired for small wages, and reserved the residue to their purses.

Act IV., Scene iii. ; Act V., Scene i.

. . . the Abbot of Shrewsbury, and one of the clerks of the privy seal, were sent from the king unto the Percies, to offer them pardon, if they would come to any reasonable agreement. By their persuasions, the lord Henry Percy began to give ear unto the king's

offers, and so sent with them his uncle the earl of Worcester, to declare unto the king the causes of those troubles, and to require some effectual reformation in the same.

At his coming into *Doncaster*, the earl of Northumberland, and his son Harry Percy . . . came unto him, where he *sware* unto those lords that he would demand no more but the lands that were to him descended by inheritance from his father. . . .

Now when the two armies were encamped, the one against the other, the earl of Worcester and the lord Percy with their complices sent the articles . . . to king Henry, . . . which articles in effect charged him with manifest perjury, in that (contrary to his *oath* received upon the evangelists at *Doncaster*, when he first entered the realm after his exile) he had taken upon him the crown and royal dignity, imprisoned king Richard, caused him to resign his title, and finally to be murdered. Divers other matters they laid to his charge, as levying of *taxes* and tallages, contrary to his promise, infringing of laws and customs of the realm, and *suffering* the earl of *March* to remain in prison, without travailing to have him delivered. . . .

King Henry after he had read their articles, with the defiance which they annexed to the same, answered . . . that he was ready with dint of sword and fierce battle to prove their quarrel false, and nothing else than a forged matter, not doubting, but that God would aid and assist him in his righteous cause, against the disloyal and false forsworn traitors. The next day in the morning early, being the even of Mary Magdalene, they set their battles in order on both sides.

Act V., Scenes i. (110-12), ii.

It was reported for a truth, that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the earl of Worcester (upon his return to his nephew) made relation clean contrary to that the king had said, in such sort that he set his nephew's heart more in displeasure towards the king, than ever it was before, driving him by that means to fight whether he would or not: then suddenly blew the trumpets, the king's part crying St. George upon them, the adversaries cried *Esperance Percy*, and so the two armies furiously joined. . . .

The lord Percy . . . began to exhort the captains and soldiers to prepare themselves to battle . . . "so that," said he, "this day shall

either bring us all to advancement and honour, or else . . . shall deliver us from the king's spiteful malice and cruel disdain; for . . . better it is to die in battle for the commonwealth's cause than through cowardlike fear to prolong *life*. . . ."

Act V., Scenes iii., iv.

The Scots . . . set so fiercely on the king's forward, led by the earl of Stafford, that they made the same draw back, and had almost broken their adversaries' array. The Welshmen also which before had lain lurking in the woods, mountains, and marshes, hearing of this battle toward, came to the aid of the Percies, and refreshed the wearied people with new succours. . . .

Here the lord Henry Percy, and the earl Douglas, a right stout and hardy captain . . . bent their whole forces towards the king's person, coming upon him with spears and swords so fiercely, that the earl of March the Scot, perceiving their purpose, withdrew the king from that side of the field (as some write) for his great benefit and safeguard (as it appeared), for they gave such a violent onset upon them that stood about the king's standard, that slaying his standard-bearer *Sir Walter Blunt*, and overthrowing the standard, they made slaughter of all those that stood about it, as *the earl of Stafford*, that day made by the king constable of the realm, and diverse other.

[Sc. iv.] The prince that day helped his father like a lusty young gentleman: for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that diverse noble men that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, lest his departure from amongst his men might happily have struck some fear into their hearts: and so without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased, either to fight where the battle was most hot, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need. This battle lasted three long hours, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king cried saint George victory, broke the array of his enemies, and adventured so far, that (as some write) the earl Douglas struck him down, and [Sc. iii.] at that instant slew Sir Walter Blunt, and three other, apparelled in the king's suit and clothing, saying: I marvel to see so many kings thus suddenly arise one in the neck of another. The king indeed was raised, and [Sc. iv.] did that day many a noble feat of arms, for as it is written, he slew that day with his own hands six and thirty persons of his

enemies. The other on his part, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur.

ACT V., Scenes iv. (41-6), v.

To conclude, the king's enemies were vanquished, and put to flight, in which flight, the earl of *Douglas*, for haste, *falling from* the crag of an high mountain . . . *was taken*, and for his valiantness, of the king frankly and *freely delivered*.

There was also taken the earl of Worcester, the procurer and setter forth of all this mischief, Sir Richard Vernon, . . . with diverse others. There were slain upon the king's part, beside the earl of Stafford, to the number of ten knights, Sir Hugh *Shorlie*, Sir John *Clifton*, . . . *Sir Nicholas Gausell*, *Sir Walter Blunt*. . . . There died in all upon the king's side sixteen hundred, and four thousand were grievously wounded. On the contrary side were slain, beside the lord Percy, the most part of the knights and esquires of the county of Chester, to the number of two hundred, besides yeomen and footmen; in all there died of those that fought on the Percies' side about five thousand. This battle was fought on Mary Magdalene even, being Saturday. Upon the Monday following, the earl of Worcester . . . and Sir Richard Vernon . . . were condemned and beheaded.

NOTES.

References to passages in this and other plays of Shakespeare are to Acts, Scenes, and lines: thus I. iii. 212 means Act I., Scene iii., line 212. For metrical difficulties see Introduction, pp. xxxvi-xl.

For important proper names not found in the Notes see the Index.

ACT I. SCENE I.

This Scene introduces the King and, by hearsay, the other main characters—Prince Henry, Worcester, Hotspur, Glendower. We have also an account of the circumstances which are to produce the main historical motive of the play—the Percies' rebellion. Hotspur's brother-in-law, Mortimer, has been defeated by Glendower, Douglas by Hotspur at Homildon Hill (*Holmedon*); and Henry has demanded the prisoners taken at Homildon by Hotspur, who will not give them up.

The historical matter is based on Holinshed (p. 99); but in Holinshed Henry does not put forward his purpose to go to the Holy Land till the last year of his reign. Shakespeare's mention of that purpose here not only links the play with the last Scene of *Richard II.* (Introd., p. xx), but also deepens the tragedy of Henry's position foreshadowed in his opening words: he thinks his civil troubles are over (lines 5-18), when in fact they are just beginning.

2. **find . . broils**: the bare meaning is, "let us allow England, which has been disturbed, to rest in peace awhile, and then we will propose new wars." Peace is represented as *frightened* by the civil war ending with Richard II.'s assassination, and as having to propose the new expedition to the Holy Land while recovering her breath. *Peace* really stands for "England which has been made peaceful," and this again is identified with the *we* of lines 1-2.

4. **stronds**: "strands," "shores."

5. **thirsty entrance . . . soil**: *i.e.* the surface of the English ground, into which, parched and cracked as it is by the summer

heat, the blood of the men slain in battle enters. The metaphor is a common one; cp. "Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk," *3 Henry VI.*, II. iii. 15.

7. **trenching**: *i.e.* cutting them into trenches.

9. **hostile paces**: *i.e.* the opposing cavalry as they advance. **opposed eyes**: *i.e.* eyes of the opposing armies.

10. **which . . . butchery**: *i.e.* just as meteors, that are of the same substance, clash together in a disturbed sky, so the opposing armies, that were of the same race, lately met in civil war. There is a further comparison of the eyes themselves to the meteors.

13. **close**: "close-locked encounter."

14. **mutual**: "combined." **well-beseeming**: "seemly," "well-ordered," or perhaps "reconciled."

17. **edge of war**: *i.e.* sword.

18. **his**: the usual form in Shakespeare for the possessive case of the neuter pronoun. **master**: "owner."

21. **impressed**: "enlisted."

22. **power**: "army."

24. **these**: spoken contemptuously.

25. **acres**: *i.e.* extent. The word originally itself meant "field"; cp. "God's acre."

30. **therefore . . . not**: "it is not for this reason that we meet."

31. **cousin**: see Index, *s.v.* Westmoreland.

33. **dear expedience**: "haste which we desire so much."

34. **hot in question**: "eagerly debated."

35. **limits of the charge**: "terms of the commission," *i.e.* scope of the enterprise.

36. **all athwart**: *i.e.* so as to interrupt our plans.

37. **post**: "messenger."

39. **Herefordshire**: pronounced *Harfordshire*.

40. **irregular**: "lawless."

43. **corpse**: "corpses."

49. **match'd with**: "taken together with."

52. **Holy-rood day**: September 14th.

53. **Archibald**: *i.e.* Douglas (see Index).

56. **sad**: "serious," "severe."

57. **artillery**: Holinshed's "English shot" (p. 100), which really meant "arrows."

58. **shape of likelihood**: "according to what seems probable."

61. **uncertain . . . way**: *i.e.* uncertain which way the battle went.

63. **new lighted**: "just alighted."

64. **variation of each**: "various kinds of."

68. **two and twenty**: Holinshed says "three and twenty."

69. **balk'd**: "piled up," lit. forming a *balk* or ridge.

71. **eldest son . . . Douglas**: Mordake (or Murdoch) was really the son of the Duke of Albany, as Holinshed notes later (p. 100) in the course of the passage from which this is taken. Shakespeare's mistake is probably due to a misreading of Holinshed's

"Mordake, Earl of Fife, son to the governor, Archembald, Earl Douglas, which . . ." The comma after *governor*, which is required to make the sense clear, is omitted in all the early editions of Holinshed. Albany is called "the governor," as being Regent of Scotland.

73. **Menteith**: really another title of the Earl of Fife. Shakespeare copies the mistake of Holinshed, who however rightly identifies the two in his history of Scotland.

83. **minion**: "favourite."

91. **let him from**: *i.e.* let him go from. A verb of motion is frequently omitted in Shakespeare; cp. our "let him out."

92. **the prisoners . . . Fife**: strictly Henry is going beyond his rights in demanding these prisoners. Mordake, the only prisoner he could rightly claim, as being brother of Robert III. king of Scotland and so of royal blood, is voluntarily ceded by Hotspur.

93. **surprised**: "taken."

97. **in all aspects**: *i.e.* in all points. *Aspect* is a term of astrology, signifying the position of one planet with regard to another: the different aspects, or relative positions, were believed to affect a person's destiny for good or evil, and were called "benevolent" or "malevolent" ("malignant") as the case might be. *Aspects* is accented on the last syllable.

98. **prune himself**: *i.e.* be proud. The metaphor is from a bird that *prunes*, or dresses, its feathers with its beak. **bristle . . . dignity**: *i.e.* set young Hotspur against your majesty.

107. **than . . . uttered**: *i.e.* than can be spoken while I am angry.

ACT I. SCENE II.

In this Scene we are introduced to the Prince and Falstaff; lines 1-99, 183-205, are devoted purely to setting their characters before the audience, and do not affect the action of the play. With Poins' entrance (line 100) we hear of the plot to rob the Canterbury pilgrims, which Falstaff joins; also of the counterplot to rob Falstaff and his friends of their spoil; the Prince (cp. line 129) will join the second, but not the first. It is noteworthy that Shakespeare, contrary to modern dramatic usage, does not mind letting his audience know of all these proposed incidents before they happen; he relies for his main interest on character and dialogue, not on plot.

This Scene, like all the comic scenes, owes nothing to Holinshed. For the bearing of the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, on these scenes see Introd., p. xiii, and note on line 59.

2. **fat-witted**: "dull," "stupid." **with . . . old**: we should say "with the drinking of old," or "with drinking old."

3. **sack**: a dry wine (Fr. *vin sec*), often called *sherris sack*, or dry sherry (from *Jeres*, in Spain). Sugar was often mixed with it (cp. line 106).

4. **benches**: *i.e.* those in front of taverns. **to demand . . . know**: *i.e.* you should ask what is the time of the *night*, not what is the time of the *day*. That this is probably the true explanation is shown by Henry's altering Falstaff's general "time of day" to the particular "time of *the* day," and also by Falstaff's answer, distinguishing day and night. 8. **taffeta**: a kind of shot-silk.

11. **come near me**: "touch me closely," "strike home."

12. **seven stars**: a common Elizabethan name for the Pleiades.

13. **Phoebus**: Apollo, the sun-god in the Greek mythology. **that . . . fair**: probably from a contemporary ballad on the "Knight of the Sun," a Spanish hero of romance.

19. **prologue to . . . butter**: *i.e.* grace said before a meal. Eggs and butter formed a light breakfast, as we see from II. i. 53. The second *grace* in line 15 means "graciousness."

20. **roundly**: "plainly."

22. **squires . . . body**: "body-guards to Night" (with a pun on *knight*). **thieves of . . . beauty**: *i.e.* we are said to take away all beauty from the day (personified as a maiden) because we disgrace it. There is quite possibly a pun on "booty," though it is unnecessary to adopt this reading in the text.

23. **Diana**: sister of Apollo, and the moon-goddess in the Greek mythology. She was represented as a huntress—hence *forresters*.

26. **under . . . countenance**: *i.e.* by whose favour. There is a play on the literal sense of *under* and *countenance*.

33. **lay by**: probably "stop," a nautical metaphor meaning "slacken sail." Or it may mean "lay down your weapons."

34. **bring in**: *i.e.* wine; addressed to an innkeeper.

35. **the ladder**: *i.e.* up to the gallows. **ridge**: "cross-piece."

37. **and is not . . . wench?**: Falstaff abruptly changes the subject of the gallows by an irrelevant remark.

39. **my old . . . castle**: see Introd., p. xiv. It was, further, a phrase of the time, of unknown origin, for a roysterer.

40. **buff jerkin**: a jacket of strong leather, worn by sheriffs' officers, who took men off to prison. **durance**: *i.e.* of durable cloth. There is here a close parallel to the phrase in *Comedy of Errors*, IV. ii. 33, where a bailiff is called "a devil in an everlasting garment . . . a fellow all in buff." There is also here a pun on *durance*, meaning "stay in prison."

42. **quiddities**: "nice distinctions," *quiddity* being a term of the scholastic logic, meaning "substance" (lit. "whatness," Lat. *quidditas*).

55. **resolution . . . law**: "courage (*i.e.* of robbers) thus tricked (*i.e.* deprived of its reward) by the outworn restrictions of that old buffoon the law."

56. **antic**: the same word as *antique* (Lat. *antiquus*, old), and here a substantive. The *antic* corresponded to the Pantaloon of Italian comedy.

59. **by the Lord . . . . judge**: the words are suggested by the following lines in *The Famous Victories*: "*Hen.* Thou shalt be my lord chief justice of England. *Ned.* Shall I be lord chief justice? By gog's wounds, I'll be the bravest lord chief justice that ever was in England." *Brave* means "fine" here, just as *rare* in line 62 means "excellent."

64. **in some sort . . . humour**: "to a certain extent it suits my disposition."

67. **whereof . . . wardrobe**: the hangman had the clothes of those executed by him, as his perquisite.

68. **'sblood**: "by God's (*i.e.* Christ's) blood." So below, line 94, *'zounds* means "by God's wounds."

69. **gib cat**: "tom cat," a similar formation, *gib* being short for Gilbert; cp. magpie (Mag Pie), jackdaw (Jack Daw), etc. **lugged**: "dragged along" the streets to exhibit its tricks.

71. **drone**: *i.e.* the lowest note of the bagpipe, which is sounded the whole time the instrument is played. Drayton mentions bagpipes as belonging to Lincolnshire.

72. **a hare**: hares were thought to be melancholy because of their solitary habits.

75. **comparative**: "apt to make comparisons."

77. **commodity**: a current commercial term for "stock," "supply."

83. **for wisdom . . . regards it**: adapted from Prov. i. 20-4, "Wisdom crieth without . . . in the streets, . . . and no man regarded."

85. **iteration**: "trick of quoting," *i.e.* Scripture.

90. **and . . . not**: "if I do not." *And* alone, and sometimes *and if* (cp. I. iii. 125), frequently mean "if." Originally the conditional force resided in the subjunctive, sometimes preceded by *and*. Then, when the force of the subjunctive was weakened, *and* itself was regarded as a conditional particle, and about 1600 began to be written *an*. *An 't* for *and it* is often found (cp. II. i. 23).

95. **baffle**: "take away my knighthood." *Baffle* was a technical term of chivalry, applied to the public disgrace of a recreant knight. The knight who was "baffled" was hung up by the heels, either in person or in effigy.

100. **set a match**: "made an appointment," *i.e.* as to where the thieves are to meet; cp. II. ii. 48.

102. **omnipotent**: *i.e.* thorough. 103. **true**: "honest."

107. **agrees . . . thee**: a singular verb is occasionally in Shakespeare found with a double or plural subject, especially when, as here, the verb precedes. *Thee* is used for *thou*, by a not uncommon idiom; cp. "fare thee well" (*Lear*, IV. vi. 41), etc.

112. **his due**: in this case Falstaff's soul. The Prince is consciously perverting the usual sense of the proverb.

115. **cozening** : "cheating."

117. **Gadshill** : a hill near Rochester ; *Gadshill* in lines 100, 120 is of course the character of that name, and is probably so called from the scene of his exploits.

118. **rich offerings** : *i.e.* for Becket's shrine in Canterbury.

119. **vizards** : "vizors," *i.e.* masks.

125. **Yedward** : "Edward," *i.e.* Poins (line 104). The form is possibly Kentish.

126. **hang you . . . going** : *i.e.* I will give such information that you will be hanged for going.

127. **chops** : "fat face."

131. **nor . . . not** : "nor dost thou come" ; double negatives are frequent in Shakespeare.

132. **stand . . . shillings** : *i.e.* take thy stand to rob these men of ten shillings. The coin called *royal* (or *real*) was worth ten shillings, and so there is a pun in the last four words, *stand for* meaning also "be worth."

146. **want countenance** : *i.e.* need the support of the great.

148. **thou latter . . . summer** : Falstaff, a young mind in an old body (cp. II. ii. 81), is compared to the end of spring, and to the end of summer before it finally turns to winter. Allhallown (*i.e.* All Hallows' or All Saints') day is November 1st. *Thou* is Pope's emendation for the *thee* of the Quartos and Folios.

152. **Bardolph, Peto** : Theobald's emendation (cp. II. ii. 46) for *Harvey, Rossill* (possibly the names of the actors, inserted by mistake) of the Quartos and Folios.

163. **like** : "likely."

168. **cases . . . nonce** : "suits of coarse linen for the occasion." *For the nonce* is really "for then once," *i.e.* for the once, *then* representing the O.E. *ðæm*, dative of the article.

169. **immask** : "mask," "conceal." **noted** : "well-known."

172. **back** : here a substantive.

174. **incomprehensible** : "immeasurable," "innumerable."

176. **wards** : "guards," *i.e.* postures of fence ; cp. II. iv. 180.

177. **reproof** : "refutation."

180. **meet . . . Eastcheap** : if the reading is correct, this must mean that the Prince is accepting Poins' arrangements for the supper after the exploit ; line 121 makes no other interpretation possible. But as the words *meet me* refer more naturally to their next meeting, *before* the robbery, it is possible that the true reading is *to-morrow* or *to-night* (in spite of lines 5-10 ; cp. line 104).

184. **unyoked humour** : "unrestrained moods." **idleness** : not quite in the modern sense. An "idle" man was one without aim or purpose in life.

186. **contagious** : "pernicious," a metaphor from disease.

189. **being wanted** : "having been missed."

195. **rare accidents** : "events that happen seldom."

203. **foil** : *i.e.* the leaf (Lat. *folium*) of metal in which a jewel was set.

204. **to make . . . skill**: *i.e.* to make my having offended seem part of a calculated purpose (and not of my real nature).

ACT I. SCENE III.

In this Scene the rebellion of the Percies, foreshadowed in I. i., is set on foot. Its immediate cause is seen not so much in the dispute about Hotspur's prisoners, whom he would ultimately have given up (line 29), as in the ransom of Edmund Mortimer from Glendower, which Hotspur makes a condition of their surrender (lines 77-80). The King's refusal, partly from personal motives (lines 159-60), precipitates the revolt. Worcester, who has already been dismissed from the King's presence (line 15), matures a plan of action, and after Hotspur's outbursts of anger have subsided he sets it forth in detail (lines 260-282). The chief interest of the scene centres in Hotspur, whose generous and impatient temper is contrasted with that of the subtle and calculating Worcester. About a week has passed since I. i.

The Scene is based for the historical groundwork on Holinshed, though Hotspur's meeting with the "popinjay" (lines 30-69) is invented by Shakespeare. Further, in Holinshed the interview of the Percies with the King takes place at Windsor, not in London, and it is Worcester, not Hotspur, who asks for the ransom of Mortimer. But Shakespeare follows Holinshed in his identification of the two Mortimers (see Index).

3. **found me**: *i.e.* found out my weakness. *Found me so; accordingly* is a suggested emendation for *found . . . accordingly*.

5. **I will . . . condition**: *i.e.* I will rather behave as a true king than follow my natural disposition.

13. **holp . . . portly**: "helped to raise to its present dignity." The aid of the Percies had been of vital importance to Henry (Bolingbroke) in his rebellion against Richard II.

15. **Worcester**: a trisyllable.

17. **peremptory**: "audacious," "insistent."

18. **majesty . . . brow**: *i.e.* a king has never yet been able to endure a servant's sullen look, opposed to him as an outwork is to an enemy. For *frontier* (outwork) cp. II. iii. 49. *Servant* is here used as an adjective.

21. **your use**: *i.e.* to make use of you.

25. **not . . . deliver'd**: "not refused in such strong terms as is reported."

27. **envy**: "malice." **misprision**: "misunderstanding."

31. **extreme**: accented on the first syllable.

34. **new reap'd**: *i.e.* with his beard lately trimmed.

35. **harvest-home**: the festival held when all the harvest of corn has been carried home, and the field is left in stubble.

36. **milliner**: *i.e.* a man who sold perfumed gloves, etc.; lit. one who dealt in goods from *Milan*.

38. **pouncet-box**: a small scent-box with a perforated lid.

40. **who**: intentionally ludicrous, as referring to the nose.

41. **took . . . snuff**: *i.e.* snuffed it up; there is a play on the other sense "was angry," which, in the case of the nose, means "sneezed." **still**: "always," "continually."

46. **holiday . . . terms**: *i.e.* choice and mincing phrases (cp. line 55).

49. **all . . . cold**: the wounds began to smart as the blood dried on them.

50. **popinjay**: lit. "parrot."

51. **grief**: "pain" (cp. V. i. 132)

55. **waiting-gentlewoman**: "lady's maid."

56. **God . . . mark**: an exclamation of ironical apology for mentioning such things. The phrase may have originally been a prayer for averting *marks*, or blemishes, on the body.

57. **sovereign'st**: "most efficacious."

58. **parmaceti**: "spermaceti."

62. **tall**: "sturdy," *i.e.* brave.

64. **soldier**: a trisyllable.

68. **come . . . majesty**: "come between me, who love you, and yourself, and be accepted as an accusation against me." The metaphor is from a false coin which, being passed from one to another, gives ground for an accusation of fraud.

73. **with . . . retold**: "considering everything else that he has repeated," *i.e.* of the courtier's words.

76. **so**: "provided that."

78. **exception**: "condition," a legal term, like *proviso*.

80. **brother-in-law . . . Mortimer**: Edmund Mortimer, uncle of the Earl of March; see Index. Hotspur had married Elizabeth, daughter of Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, and sister of this Edmund Mortimer. Hence he calls him his "brother" below (line 156).

87. **indent with fears**: "make an indenture with fears," *i.e.* bargain with those whom we fear. *Fear*—abstract for concrete. Henry does not mean that he actually fears Mortimer, but that he would seem to do so if he ransomed him at his own charge. As a fact, he *does*, according to Shakespeare's idea, fear him as the heir to the throne (line 158). The legal metaphor is kept up in *forfeited themselves*, laid themselves open to a penalty for breach of contract, *i.e.* in surrendering to Glendower.

88. **lost**: "ruined." O.E. *forleosan* meant "to destroy."

89. **starve**: the word, both here and in II. i. 19, is probably used in the original sense of "die" (cp. O.E. *steorfan*); but the modern sense may be meant in both these passages.

91. **one penny cost**: "the expenditure even of a penny."

94. **fall off**: *i.e.* from his allegiance.

97. **mouthed**: "gaping." The metaphor is suggested by the previous line; cp. *Julius Caesar*, III. ii. 229, "Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths."

100. **confound**: "spend," lit. "destroy."

101. **changing hardiment**: "exchanging *hardy*, or valiant, blows."

102. **breathed**: "stopped to take breath."

106. **crisp**: "curled." The word refers to the ripples on the stream. The Severn is personified as a river-god.

108. **never . . . wounds**: "never did base and foul schemers disguise their treachery by suffering such deadly wounds." Hotspur of course means that this proves there was no craft at all.

113. **belie**: "misrepresent."

125. The allusion is to the "roaring devil" in the old plays (cp. *Henry V.*, IV. iv. 75).

128. **albeit . . . head**: "although I risk my life in doing so."

132. **want mercy**: "fail to gain salvation."

137. **ingrate**: "ungrateful"; cp. lines 12-13. **canker'd**: "malignant," lit. "corroded," as a flower by a canker.

143. **eye of death**: "look of terror" rather than "look threatening one with death."

145. **was . . . blood**: see Index, *s.v.* Mortimer.

149. **in us**: *i.e.* in so far as we helped to inflict them. The Percies rebelled from Richard to join Henry.

150. **his . . . expedition**: cp. IV. iii. 85-8, V. i. 46-54.

151. **intercepted**: "interrupted."

154. **scandalised**: "slandered."

155. **soft**: "stop a moment"; lit. "gently."

162. **the detested . . . subornation**: "the hateful suspicion of having suborned to murder," *sc.* King Richard. Bolingbroke's rebellion, helped by the Percies, ended in the death of Richard. In *Richard II.*, II. iii. 40, Hotspur, represented as quite a youth, offers Bolingbroke his service, though here he seems to dissociate himself from the Percies' rebellion.

165. **second means**: "helpers," "accessories."

166. **the ladder**: see I. ii. 35, *note*.

168. **the line . . . range**: "the condition in which you are." *Line* and *predicament* express this by different metaphors. The first means the "limit" within which you "range" or are free to walk; the second is a technical term of the scholastic logic, the different attributes which could be predicated of a subject falling into ten classes, called *predicaments* or *categories* (*e.g.* quality, place, etc.). The particular relation in which the Percies stand to the King is compared to some particular kind of predication about a subject.

173. **gage them**: "engage themselves."

176. **canker**: "wild rose," "dog rose," regarded as a corruption (see line 137, *note*) of the cultivated rose (line 175).

183. **disdain'd**: "disdainful."

185. **answer** : "pay back." Hotspur sarcastically says that Henry can discharge the debt of gratitude he owes the Percies only by having them executed and so blotting out the debt altogether.

189. **quick-conceiving discontents** : *i.e.* to you, whose minds have been made by discontent quick to understand my meaning.

190. **you** : really pleonastic, as repeating *to . . . discontents*. The metaphor of the book is kept up in this line.

194. **he** : *i.e.* the man whom Worcester has been imagining as crossing a stream on a spear laid bridge-wise. **good night** : *i.e.* no more can be done for him ; he must shift for himself. **or . . . swim** : *i.e.* he will either sink or, if he can swim, will be saved. Hotspur is of course applying Worcester's metaphor to their own fortunes, as Worcester had intended it.

195. **send danger . . . south** : *i.e.* we welcome danger, provided that (cp. lines 76, 206) we may meet it with honour.

198. **start** : *i.e.* make it come from its form, a technical term of hunting.

199. **exploit** : accented on the last syllable.

206. **wear . . . dignities** : *i.e.* have without rival all the glory that honour brings.

208. **half-faced fellowship** : "mean sharing of honours," the opposite of *wear . . . dignities*. Hotspur is pursuing his own thoughts on honour and Worcester calls him back to the subject in debate (line 210). It is not likely that the previous alliance of the Percies with Bolingbroke is meant in *half-faced fellowship*. A coin on which two sovereigns (*e.g.* Philip and Mary) were represented was known as *half-faced*, as only a small part of the faces would appear on the coin.

209. **apprehends** : "seizes vaguely," *i.e.* in imagination. It is elsewhere (*e.g.* in *M.N.D.*, V. i. 5-6) opposed to *comprehend*, "understand by the intellect." **figures** : "fancies," opposed to *forms*. The meaning "metaphors" may also be implied.

210. **form** : "true shape," "substance." **attend** : "attend to."

212. **cry you mercy** : "ask your pardon."

214. **a Scot of them** : "a single Scot" ; there is probably a play on *scot* meaning contribution, in the legal phrase "scot and lot," *i.e.* contribution and share ; cp. V. iv. 114.

228. **defy** : "renounce."

230. **sword-and-buckler** : "swashbuckler," one who, armed with a sword and buckler (small shield), picked quarrels in taverns. In Shakespeare's time only serving-men carried swords and bucklers ; otherwise rapiers and daggers had taken their place.

236. **wasp-stung** : "irritable," as if stung by a wasp—the reading of Q_1 ; the other Quartos and the Folios read *wasp-tongu'd or wasp-tongue*.

240. **nettled** : "stung with nettles."

241. **politician** : "schemer" ; the word, like *policy* (line 108), is always depreciatory in Shakespeare.

244. **uncle** : *i.e.* Edmund Duke of York, sixth son of Edward III.

He was Regent of England during Richard II.'s absence in Ireland. **kept**: "lived." The meaning still survives in University slang.

251. **candy . . . courtesy**: *i.e.* deal of sugared courtesy. Shakespeare is thinking of his own *Richard II.*, II. iii., though not directly quoting from it. Bolingbroke's words are these (lines 48-9):—

> And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
> It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

255. **cozeners**: "deceivers," with a play on *cousin*.

261. **the Douglas' son**: *i.e.* Mordake; see I. i. 71, *note*. **your only . . . powers**: "your sole agent for raising an army."

266. **bosom**: "confidence."

271. **the Lord Scroop**: *i.e.* Sir William Scroop, afterwards created Earl of Wiltshire by Richard II., whose Lord Treasurer he was. He was beheaded at Bristol by Bolingbroke (*Richard II.*, III. ii. 142). The Archbishop of York, Richard Scroop, was a distant connection of the Earl of Wiltshire, not his brother; Shakespeare repeats a mistake of Holinshed, who speaks of "Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York, brother to the Lord Scroop, whom King Henry had caused to be beheaded at Bristow."

272. **estimation**: "conjecture."

278. **before . . . slip**: "you always let the hounds loose before the game appears"; corresponding to the modern proverb of "counting one's chickens before they are hatched." *Be afoot* and *let slip* were both technical terms of hunting. A *slip* was a slip collar holding two hounds; cp. *Julius Cæsar*, III. i. 273, "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war." The hunting metaphor is continued from line 277.

285. **bear . . . can**: "however cautiously we may behave."

288. **home**: "thoroughly," "in full"; cp. lines 184-6.

292. **cousin**: "kinsman."

302. **fields**: "battlefields."

ACT II. SCENE I.

This realistic Scene prepares us for the robbery in II. ii. The future victims of Falstaff and his company are shown starting from the inn at Rochester at the same time as Poins has settled to wait for them on Gadshill (I. ii. 117). Gadshill, the "setter" (II. ii. 48), makes the final arrangements with the "chamberlain" of the hotel, who is in his pay.

1. **four by the day**: "four o'clock in the morning."

2. **Charles' wain**: the Great Bear or Plough, "the waggon of the churl" (O.E. *Ceorles wæn*).

4. **anon**: "in a moment," lit. "in one."

5. **Cut**: a horse's name. By beating the saddle, a few flocks of wool would be driven from the middle to the end, and so make it softer for the horse's withers (shoulder-blades).

6. **is**: the omission of the personal pronoun is frequent in Shakespeare. **out of . . . cess**: "beyond estimation." *Cess* is short for *assess*, i.e. assessment.

9. **next**: "nearest." **bots**: *i.e.* worms in a horse's stomach.

11. **never joyed**: "he was never cheerful."

14. **like a tench**: probably a proverbial phrase of little meaning; cp. *dank as a dog* above. It is true that the commentators quote Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, IX. 47, "this vermin (fleas) is thought to trouble the poor fishes in their sleep by night within the sea." But unless the belief were also domiciled in England —of which there is no evidence —Shakespeare would hardly have put a reference to it into the mouth of his carrier.

16. **king christen**: *i.e.* king in Christendom, which the Folios read.

19. **razes**: "roots," or perhaps "bales." In *The Famous Victories* Derrick is robbed of "the great race of ginger" on Gadshill.

25. **faith**: "trustworthiness," "faithfulness."

27. **two o'clock**: the carrier, suspecting Gadshill, pretends it is earlier than it really is (cp. line 1).

33. **ay, when . . . tell?**: *i.e.* when do you think you will get it?

38. **the gentlemen**: *i.e.* the franklin and his company (lines 48-50).

40. **great charge**: "much baggage."

41. **chamberlain**: the modern "head-waiter."

42. **at . . . pick-purse**: a proverbial expression, which the chamberlain quotes without meaning much by it, but to which Gadshill gives a relevance. *At hand* in the mouth of the pickpocket would probably mean "here I am, ready for work."

48. **franklin**: a small freeholder. **wild**: "forest land"; still known as the "weald," as it was also then.

49. **marks**: coins worth 13s. 4d. each.

51. **auditor**: an officer of the Treasury, as appears from II. ii. 51-2.

53. **presently**: "immediately."

54. **Saint Nicholas' clerks**: a cant name for "highwaymen." St. Nicholas was properly the patron saint of scholars, but apparently appropriated by thieves also. Some think that the two saints are not the same, but that this one is really "old Nick," *i.e.* the devil.

62. **Trojans**: a cant name for "thieves." Gadshill is thinking of the Prince, but is exaggerating him into a whole company.

64. **if matters . . . whole**: *i.e.* set things right for us, for their own sake, if there should be an inquiry.

66. **foot land-rakers**: "footpads," men who go about the country on foot committing petty thefts. **long-staff . . . strikers**: men who, armed with long sticks, knock travellers down for small sums.

67. **mustachio**: "moustached." **malt-worms**: "drunkards."

68. **nobility and tranquillity**: "nobles who live at ease." **great oneyers**: "great ones," or perhaps "men who have to do with great ones." In either case the emphasis seems to be on the adjective. The word is probably a coinage of Shakespeare's (cp. *lawyers*, etc.). Several emendations have been proposed, e.g *moneyers* (officers of the Mint), *owners*, etc.

69. **hold in**: "stand their ground," or perhaps "keep their own counsel."

74. **boots**: used with a pun on the meaning of "boot," *i.e.* "booty." The use of the plural puzzles the chamberlain.

76. **in foul way**: "when roads are muddy."

77. **justice . . . her**: *i.e.* corrupt judges have made the citizens unwilling to avenge themselves on the thieves. To *liquor* boots was to make them waterproof with grease.

78. **as in a castle**: *i.e.* with as much security as if we were in a castle. **cock-sure**: "quite safe," lit. as safe as a *cock*, or tap. **the receipt of fern-seed**: *i.e.* the directions how to gather the seed. Ferns were supposed by the ancients (*e.g.* Pliny) to have no seed, and, by a popular belief in Shakespeare's time, to have seed that was invisible; hence, by a natural transition, its possession was thought to make men invisible. As a fact, ferns are propagated by spores.

80. **beholding**: "beholden," "indebted."

83. **purchase**: "plunder," "gain."

86. **homo . . . men**: *i.e.* the Latin word *homo* means "man" in general, whether bad or good; so there was no need to alter the noun, however the chamberlain may have disagreed with the epithet. Gadshill may be quoting some Latin Grammar. In any case his remark is sophistical, as *true man* is very frequently opposed to *thief* (cp. II. ii. 87).

88. **muddy**: "dirty," *i.e.* scoundrelly.

ACT II. SCENE II.

In this Scene we have the first part of Poins' plot, performed just as he had set it forth (I. ii. 152-6); Falstaff and the rest rob the travellers of II. i., and are robbed themselves by the Prince and Poins. Contrary to Poins' outlined plan (I. ii. 158-161), they all meet together, and then, on the Prince's suggestion (lines 56-8), separate to do the robbery.

1. **I have . . . horse**: Poins' object was to enjoy the spectacle of Falstaff's running away after the double robbery was effected (lines 102-5).

2. **gummed velvet**: gum was mixed with velvet to stiffen it. Velvet thus stiffened was liable to *fret*, *i.e.* to wear away quickly. *Fret* is also used with the modern meaning here.

8. **he is . . . seek him** : Poins was of course present all the time (cp. line 48), but the Prince says he is gone, and pretends to go himself, in order to see what Falstaff will say when alone. The Prince and Poins pretend to come back in line 26. The Scene takes place on a pitch-dark night (II. iv. 208).

10. **accursed to rob** : "cursed for robbing."

12. **squier** : "foot-rule."

14. **for** : "in spite of."

17. **medicines . . . love him** : an allusion to love-philtres, which were still largely believed in.

23. **varlet** : "knave"; strictly it is, like *valet*, the diminutive of *vassal*, through an older form *vaslet* (O.F. *vassalet*).

35. **colt** : "trick." In *colted* the Prince plays upon the meaning "provided with a horse," and so opposes *uncolted* to it (cp. line 1).

41. **hang . . . garters** : alluding to a common expression of the time, "he may hang himself in his own garters" (cp. line 28). There is also a reference to the Order of the Garter, with which the Prince was invested.

44. **forward** : "far advanced."

46. **staud** : "halt." Falstaff takes it in the sense of "standing on one's feet," and not sitting a horse.

48. **setter** : *i.e.* he who makes the arrangements for the plot; cp. I. ii. 100. **Bardolph, what news** : the Quartos and Folios give this speech to Poins, as in the text. Johnson suggested, and most editors follow his suggestion, that Bardolph was the speaker of *what news?* and that his name was thus a stage-direction here; Johnson gives the speech *case ye . . . exchequer* to Gadshill. The traditional reading may be defended by supposing that Gadshill, who enters with Bardolph, has met him on the way (cp. line 20) and already given him the information, which he now repeats. Bardolph may be supposed to enter close to Poins and be seen by him, whereas Gadshill is only heard (line 48).

50. **case ye** : "cover yourselves," *i.e.* with your *vizards* (or vizors).

54. **make us** : *i.e.* make our fortunes.

63. **John of Gaunt** : *i.e.* gaunt or thin John. Falstaff is thinking primarily of the pun; and only in the second place of John of Gaunt's bravery. See Index.

72. **happy . . . dole** : "happiness be his portion," a proverbial phrase. Falstaff takes the *his* from the proverb, with no specific reference, unless it be to *every man*. He means generally "may we be successful."

80. **caterpillars** : Falstaff probably means rich men, who live on the fat of the land (cp. *bacon-fed*), as caterpillars feed on the leaves.

82. **undone** : "ruined."

83. **gorbellied** : "fat," "coarse-bellied."

84. **chuffs** : "churlish misers," lit. "crows." **your store** : *i.e.* the whole of your wealth.

86. **grand-jurors** : used with a reference to the fact that grand-jurors were required to be men of some property, whereas anyone

could serve on a common jury. **jure**: the word simply takes up *jurors*, and means "illtreat," as does "prat" in the similar example from *Merry Wives*, IV. ii. 193, "Come, Mother Prat . . . I'll prat her."

89. **argument**: "subject for talk," Lat. *argumentum*.

94. **there 's . . . stirring**: *i.e.* there is no justice going about in the world.

95. **wild-duck**: which flies away at the approach of the hunter.

Stage-direction. **after a . . . two**: it all happens as Poins had foreseen (I. ii. 172-3).

101. **officer**: *i.e.* a sheriff's officer.

103. **lards**: "greases," with his sweat. **lean**: "barren," *i.e.* in comparison with the rich fatness of Falstaff.

ACT II. SCENE III.

The Percies' plot is now afoot, and Hotspur is about to start from Warkworth Castle in Northumberland for Wales (cp. III. i.); the conspiracy has had a rebuff in the letter written by the unknown lord, but Mortimer, Glendower, Douglas, and the Archbishop of York have joined it. The action is not advanced much by the Scene; and its main purpose is to throw further light on Hotspur's character, in relation to his wife. The bond between them is evidently very close, in spite of the secrecy in which Hotspur, new to conspiracy, wraps his designs; and Lady Percy is allowed to follow her husband to Wales (lines 112-3). About three or four weeks have passed since I. iii.

The Scene owes nothing to Holinshed, except perhaps the mention of certain noblemen who promised the Percies aid but deserted them at the time of battle (p. 101). This may have suggested the letter read by Hotspur.

Stage-direction. **solus**: "alone." **letter**: it is not known who, if anybody, is meant as the writer. George Dunbar, the Scotch Earl of March, and Rokeby, High-Sheriff of Yorkshire, have been suggested.

3. **house**: "family"; with a play on the literal meaning of the word in the next line.

8. **out of . . . safety**: *i.e.* we must pass through danger in order to gain safety (cp. I. iii. 288), just as our hands have to pass by the nettle to grasp the flower that is beneath it. The expression is euphuistic (Introd., p. xxv).

11. **unsorted**: "unsuitable."

14. **hind**: "rustic," "clown."

17. **full of expectation** : *i.e.* from whom we may expect much.
19. **my . . . York** : *i.e.* the Archbishop of York (I. iii. 279).
21. **lady's fan** : meant seriously, for ladies' fans were heavy, not light.
24. **the Douglas** : see Index. **all . . . meet** : "letters from them all saying that they will meet."
29. **divide . . . buffets** : "cut myself in half and let one half fight the other."
30. **a dish . . . milk** : *i.e.* a coward. *Dish*, where we should use "cup," is found in English literature until the eighteenth century; cp. a "dish of tea."
33. **Kate** : Lady Percy's real name was Elizabeth; Holinshed gives it as Eleanor; Shakespeare called her Kate evidently because he was fond of the name (cp. *Henry V.*, V. i.), as he shows by its constant repetition throughout this Scene.
38. **stomach** : "appetite." **golden** : here used by an obvious metaphor for "beneficent," "desirable."
43. **thick-eyed** : "dull," "gloomy," lit. "dim-eyed." It may either be taken as a passive attribute of the personified *musing*, or as active for "making the eyes dull and heavy." **curs'd** : probably in the ordinary sense here; but the meaning "shrewish," "irritable," is also possible.
44. **watch'd** : "kept awake."
46. **terms of manage** : "orders," "directions." *Manage* was a technical term of the riding-school.
48. **retires** : "retreats."
49. **palisadoes** : "palisades," "entrenchments." **frontiers** : outworks of a fortification (cp. I. iii. 18).
50. **basilisks** : a kind of long cannon; the basilisk was originally a fabulous serpent, whose glance was supposed to kill; cp. *Henry V.*, V. ii. 17, "the fatal balls of murdering basilisks." **culverin** : another kind of cannon, also derived from the name of a serpent (Lat. *colubrinus*, adj. of *coluber*, snake).
52. **currents** : "ebbs and flows," or perhaps "onrushes." Malone took it as '*currents*, *i.e.* occurrences. **heady** : "impetuous."
55. **hath** : the singular verb is owing to the singular noun *sweat* between the subject *beads* and the verb; cp. *Com. of Err.*, V. i. 69, "The venom clamours of a jealous woman *Poisons* more deadly than a mad dog's tooth." It is possible also to take *hath* as a true plural surviving from the southern dialect.
56. **late** : "lately."
57. **motions** : "changes of expression."
59. **on . . . hest** : *i.e.* on receiving suddenly some important command.
61. **else . . . not** : "otherwise (if he will not tell me) I shall know he does not love me."
62. **Gilliams** : the same name as *Williams*.
66. **crop-ear** : *i.e.* a horse whose ears have been docked.
67. **my throne** : *i.e.* my means to glory.

68. **back . . . straight** : "mount him at once." **esperance** : "hope." It was the motto and battle-cry of the Percy family ; cp. V. ii. 97.

70. **you** : the use of *thou* and *you* in this Scene is noticeable. Hotspur uses the familiar *thou* except when he is reproving his wife (lines 99-105) or speaking peremptorily (lines 111-114). Lady Percy employs the more formal and submissive *you*, except when using elevated language (lines 37-61) or becoming very familiar (lines 84-5). Compare III. ii., where the King uses *thou* and Prince Henry *you*.

72. **carries you away** : "transports you," "takes you out of your usual self." Hotspur affects to take her literally.

75. **spleen** : "anger," "bad temper" ; cp. V. ii. 19. A weasel was proverbially quarrelsome.

79. **title** : *i.e.* claim to the throne (cp. I. iii. 155-7).

80. **line** : "support."

82. **paraquito** : "parakeet," "little parrot."

84. **break** : *i.e.* pinch by bending it round. This was, and still is, a common trick of lovers. That this is the meaning here is shown by (i) the use of the familiar *thy*, (ii) line 87.

87. **love** : *i.e.* do you hint at love? He probably refers to line 84 rather than to line 61.

89. **mammets** : "puppets," "dolls," a contemptuous name for "women" (from *mawmet*, a corruption of *Mahomet*).

91. **and . . . current** : *i.e.* and pass them on to others. The metaphor in *current* is suggested by the second meaning of *crowns*, *i.e.* five-shilling pieces ; the primary meaning is "heads." A similar quibble occurs in *Henry V.*, IV. i. 215, "It is no English treason to cut French crowns." **God's me** : perhaps a corruption of "God save me" or "God is for me."

101. **reason whereabout** : "consider about what (*i.e.* on what errand) I go."

108. **thou . . . know** : a proverbial saying of the time. It occurs as early as Chaucer's *Tale of Melibœus*, "Ye sayn that the janglerie (chattering) of wommen can hyde things that they wot not of."

114. **of force** : "perforce," "necessarily."

ACT II. SCENE IV.

The second part of the plot, as foreshadowed by Poins (I. ii. 173-8), falls out exactly as he had foreseen ; though Falstaff's "incomprehensible lies" go far beyond Poins' modest estimate (lines 150, 174). In "the reproof of these" the Prince has his "jest," and Falstaff too, for we must not suppose that Falstaff has any real expectation that his "gross and palpable" lies will be believed. They are all calculated to provide the "occasion that wit is in" the Prince—whose own unassisted wit, as seen in

lines 1-105, is none of the best. In these lines, however, an important characteristic of the Prince, the easy terms on which he associates with his future subjects, is made prominent.

The news brought from the Court of the Percies' rebellion gives rise to the second comic Scene between Falstaff and the Prince, in which they in turn impersonate the King. The news also links the comic Scenes with the main plot, and prepares us for III. ii.-iii. The Prince will go to Court, and thence to the war, and will gain for Falstaff the charge of a company of foot. Finally, the matter of the robbery is settled by Prince Henry giving orders for the money to be paid back with interest; Falstaff is asleep the while, and has no part in this solution, with which he afterwards disagrees (III. iii. 169).

The fact of the meeting of the Prince and his companions in a tavern in Eastcheap is taken from *The Famous Victories*, while the mutual impersonation of the King by Falstaff and the Prince may have been suggested in the first instance by a short scene in the same play, in which Derrick impersonates the Prince and his companion, the Lord Chief Justice (see I. ii. 59, *note*). But beyond the bare idea there is no similarity in the Scenes. The information about the rebellion (lines 337-9) is from Holinshed (p. 101).

Stage-direction. **Boar's-Head Tavern**: this existed in Shakespeare's time, but probably not in that of Henry IV.

1. **fat**: *i.e.* dense, charged with moisture, full of dense air (*N.E.D.*); cp. Lovelace, "When a fat mist we view, we coughing run." The old explanation that it meant "vat room," *i.e.* the room where the vats of beer were, is less probable, though *fat* is a common Elizabethan form of *vat*, as in *Ant. and Cleop.*, II. vii. 177, "In thy fats our cares be drowned." **lend . . . hand to**: *i.e.* help me to. *Lend a hand* is still used in the same sense.

4. **loggerheads**: "blockheads."

5. **sounded . . . base-string**: *i.e.* gone down to the depths. The *base* (or *bass*) string is that string in the bass viol which is the lowest in pitch.

6. **sworn brother**: a reference to the medieval custom of *fratres iurati*, or brothers in arms, who swore to stand by each other in some campaign. **leash of drawers**: *i.e.* a band of three drawers (men who drew the wine or beer). A *leash* was properly a strap to hold three greyhounds; and so was used of the greyhounds themselves, and metaphorically of three other things which were connected.

7. **christen**: "Christian," as in II. i. 16.

8. **take . . . salvation**: "swear already by their hopes of salvation."

11. **Corinthian** : "libertine," though meant, of course, here as a compliment. Corinth was proverbial in ancient times for luxury. **good boy** : "a fine fellow."

13. **command** : "have at my disposal."

14. **dyeing** : *sc.* the nose.

15. **breathe . . . watering** : "take breath in your drinking," *i.e.* do not drink a glass off in a single breath. **hem** : an exclamation of encouragement, not a cough.

16. **play it off** : "finish it up," *i.e.* drink it down.

19. **action** : "battle," to which he compares his encounter with the drawers. *Thou hast . . . honour* is part of the same metaphor; *i.e.* you have lost a chance of gaining much glory.

21. **pennyworth of sugar** : the drawers kept pennyworths of sugar folded in white or brown paper to sweeten the sack of their customers; cp. I. ii. 106.

22. **under-skinker** : "under-drawer"; cp. O.E. *scencan*, Germ. *schenken*, "to pour out," though *Schenker* now only means a "giver."

24. **anon . . . sir** : corresponding to our "coming, sir!" *Anon* means "immediately."

25. **bastard** : the name of a sweet wine, either white or brown (cp. line 70 below). **the Half-moon** : the name of a room in the tavern, like *the Pomgarnet* (*i.e.* the Pomegranate) below, line 35.

30. **show . . . precedent** : "give you an example." The Prince is about to show Poins how to call "Francis," but Poins does so himself and is so "perfect" in the part, that the Prince does not need to "show him the precedent."

35. **look down . . . Pomgarnet** : *i.e.* go downstairs and look into the Pomegranate (to see if anything is wanted).

39. **serve** : *i.e.* before the end of his apprenticeship, into which he had entered under an *indenture* or agreement (line 45).

45. **show it . . . heels** : to run away from the agreement made with his master was the same as to run away from his master.

47. **books** : *i.e.* Bibles.

66. **leathern . . . button** : "the man who wears a leather jacket with glass buttons," *i.e.* Francis' master, the vintner (line 76). All these words are compound adjectives. The noun is suppressed, owing to Francis' interruption.

67. **not-pated** : "with close-cropped hair." To *not* or *nott* meant to cut close; *pate* means head. **agate-ring** : *i.e.* wearing a ring with an agate (a cheap stone) in it. **puke-stocking** : "wearing dark-brown stockings." **caddis-garter** : "wearing garters of *caddis*, or worsted material."

68. **Spanish-pouch** : "carrying a Spanish bag for his money." As all the other epithets refer to what the vintner is wearing, it is better that this should too, though some have interpreted it as "fat-bellied," or "drunken" (a *Spanish pouch* being in this sense a wineskin).

70. **your . . . drink** : *i.e.* the only thing worth drinking; for the

indefinite use of *your* cp. *Ham.*, IV. iii. 22, "Your worm is your only emperor for diet." The Prince in this speech is merely speaking nonsense, to bewilder the drawer.

86. **match . . . with**: "trick have you planned in." Poins probably thinks that the Prince has a plan to rob the vintner by means of the drawer; but the whole episode was merely a whim of the Prince, with no further object.

88. **am . . . humours**: "have all the whims, or caprices." *Humours* were properly the "elements" in a man's nature, interpreted physically as hot, cold, moist, dry: their mixture in different proportions formed his "temperament."

89. **goodman**: a familiar term, applied to the old.

90. **pupil age**: "youth," "adolescence," contrasted with *old days*. The *pupil age* was legally the years before the twenty-first in a man's life. There is really a play on *old*, meaning (1) long ago, (2) aged. The meaning in *old days* is the first; *pupil age* is contrasted with the second, and has no meaning apart from this verbal contrast.

95. **is up-stairs**: "consists in running upstairs." **the parcel . . . reckoning**: "(repeating) the items of an account."

96. **I am not . . . north**: the Prince goes back to what he was saying at line 90, when he was interrupted by the appearance of the drawer; he is "of all humours," and contrasts himself with Hotspur, who thinks only of war.

97. **me**: ethic dative (*i.e.* "for me"), added to give vividness to a narrative; cp. III. iii. 40, IV. iii. 75.

98. **at a breakfast**: *i.e.* at a single breakfast.

101. **drench**: "draught," *i.e.* a mixture of bran and water.

104. **brawn**: "mass of flesh," *i.e.* Falstaff. **rivo**: the meaning of this drunken cry, if it has any, is unknown.

109. **nether stocks**: "stockings" (cp. line 123); the "upper stocks" were the breeches.

110. **foot them**: "sew the foot part on them"; cp. Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, "The stockings which his wife footed for me."

111. **virtue**: "courage," Lat. *virtus*.

112. **Titan . . . butter**: *i.e.* the sun melt a dish of butter. Hyperion was the sun-god in the earlier generation of gods, according to the classical mythology; when the Olympians deposed this earlier generation, the sun-god was Apollo. The Prince compares Falstaff (*that compound*) melting in the heat to butter melted by the sun.

113. **pitiful-hearted . . . sun's**: this is the reading of all the Quartos and Folios (except that Q_1 Q_2 have *sonnes* [= *son's* or *sun's*] and the rest *sun*). It is probably corrupt; but no emendation has been proposed which is satisfactory enough for inclusion in the text. (i) The best suggestion is to read *butter* for the second *Titan* (Theobald); *pitiful-hearted* then means "faint-hearted," being used with a direct reference to *melted*. (ii) Warburton's suggestion, that *pitiful-hearted Titan* is parenthetical, *that* referring back to

butter, fails to give a satisfactory sense to *pitiful-hearted*, though it might be taken ironically to mean "compassionate." (iii) Steevens proposed to read *his son* (or better *his son's*), referring to the story of Phaethon, Hyperion's son, who fell from his father's chariot; but then *sweet* is unnatural, and there seems little point in the allusion here. The double genitive in *of the sun's* is not unparalleled in Shakespeare; cp. III. iii. 76, and *Ant. and Cleop.*, I. i. 1, "Nay, but this dotage of our general's."

115. **lime . . . sack**: lime was often mixed with sack to preserve it, or perhaps to increase thirst; Falstaff clearly regards it as an adulteration.

120. **shotten herring**: *i.e.* a herring that has cast its roe, and so is less worth eating.

122. **the while**: "the time," "the age." **I would . . . any thing**: among the weavers in Shakespeare's time were many Calvinist refugees from Flanders, who had left their country to escape persecution by Spain. They were much given to the singing of psalms at their work. F_1 has *all manner of songs*, in order to avoid the profanity in *psalms or any thing*, which was forbidden by law.

126. **beat . . . lath**: a reference to the old Morality plays, in which the "Vice" or clown was provided with a dagger of lath, with which he beat the other characters, especially the devil. The best commentary on this passage is *Twelfth Night*, IV. ii. 117, "Like to the old vice . . . Who, with dagger of lath, In his rage and his wrath, Cries, ah, ha! to the devil."

153. **were**: the reason for the subjunctive here is not quite clear, as *were* usually refers to present time. *If I were not* may be equivalent to "if it were true that I was not." **at half-sword**: "with sword held close to the side," *i.e.* at close quarters.

157. **ecce signum**: "behold the sign or proof." Falstaff applies to his sword a phrase usually appropriated to the cross. **dealt**: "fought."

158. **all . . . do**: "all I could do was of no avail."

167. **an Ebrew Jew**: *i.e.* a true Jew.

170. **the other**: "the others," the same as *the rest*.

178. **paid**: "killed."

180. **ward**: "guard"; cp. I. ii. 176. **here I lay**: *i.e.* this was my position.

181. **bore my point**: "carried my sword."

186. **mainly**: "with all their force"; cp. "might and *main*."

188. **target**: "shield."

192. **by these hilts**: "by this sword." Each of the two sides of the cross-piece in the Elizabethan sword was a *hilt*; the modern sword has generally no such cross-piece, and the word *hilt* is appropriated to the whole handle or its guard; cp. *Jul. Caes.*, V. iii. 43, "Here take thou the hilts." An Elizabethan swore on his sword as if it were a cross.

199. **points**: Falstaff means the points of their swords, as in line

182; Poins pretends to take it as the points, *i.e.* the tags, of the laces which fastened the hose to the doublet.

201. **followed me**: *me* is ethic dative, as in line 97.

202. **with a thought**: "as quickly as thought."

207. **Kendal green**: *i.e.* suits of green cloth made in Kendal. "Kendal green" was the traditional dress of Robin Hood and his band.

212. **knotty-pated**: "thick-headed," "dull." Some read *not-pated* as in line 67. **tallow-catch**: *i.e.* tallow-*ketch* (doublet of *keg*), tub of tallow. *Tallow-keech*, "lump of tallow," has been conjectured.

222. **strappado**: a punishment consisting in hanging a man by a rope under his shoulder-blades and letting him down with a jerk.

224. **if reasons . . . blackberries**: to appreciate the full force of this comparison we must remember that in Shakespeare's time *reasons* and *raisins* were pronounced alike.

226. **sanguine**: "full-blooded."

229. **elf-skin**: Falstaff means that the Prince was as thin as the skin of a fairy; *eelskin* has been conjectured, from its occurrence in similar places, e.g. *King John*, I. i. 142, "My arms such eel-skins stuff'd." **neat's tongue**: "ox-tongue."

230. **stock-fish**: "dried cod-fish."

232. **standing-tuck**: "upright rapier."

237. **bound**: *i.e.* you bound: the subject is occasionally omitted in Shakespeare, and may be accounted for here by the fact that the preceding *you* might sound like a nominative and *set* like a past tense. The omission is anyhow colloquial here.

246. **starting-hole**: "way of escape"; the metaphor is from a rabbit-hole.

253. **beware**: "take heed of," "respect."

254. **the lion . . . prince**: it was a common belief that a lion would not harm one of royal blood.

256. **I . . . thou**: *me . . . ther* would be strictly grammatical, but the nominative is the rule in Shakespeare when the pronoun stands half-independently from the verb; cp. *Coriol.*, III. ii. 84, "Were fit for thee to use as *they* to claim."

259. **watch . . . to-morrow**: an allusion to St. Matt. xxvi. 41. *Watch* means "keep awake."

272. **as much**: *i.e.* 3s. 4d., the difference between a *noble* (6s. 8d.) and a *royal* (10s.). The pun recalls that in I. ii. 131-2.

273. **mother**: of course only brought in by the opposition with *father*; Shakespeare naturally did not pause to think who Henry's mother was. As a matter of fact she was dead, and the King had lately married Joan of Navarre. The Prince's mother was Mary de Bohun.

280. **by 'r lady**: "by our lady," *i.e.* the Virgin Mary.

291. **tickle . . . bleed**: possibly suggested by *The Famous Victories*, "Every day when I went into the field, I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose, and make my nose bleed."

297. **with the manner** : "in the act," a legal term.

298. **fire** : the Prince refers to Bardolph's red nose, cp. III. iii. 21-4.

301. **meteors . . . exhalations** : *i.e.* the eruptions on his own red face. Meteors were supposed to be "exhaled" or drawn up from the earth by the sun.

305. **hot . . . purses** : *i.e.* drunkenness and poverty.

306. **choler . . . halter** : there is a pun on *choler* (anger) and *collar*, and also on the two senses of *rightly taken*, "understood aright" and "justly arrested."

309. **bombast** : a coarse cotton used for stuffing quilts.

319. **swore . . . liegeman** : "made the devil take an oath of allegiance to him." **Welsh hook** : a weapon with a point like a sword, and furnished with a hook at the side. Swearing on the hook is Glendower's substitute for the usual swearing on the cross-piece of the sword (see line 193, *note*).

326. **pistol** : the pistol was not used until after Henry IV.'s time, but Shakespeare is not careful to avoid such anachronisms.

338. **blue-caps** : *i.e.* Scots, who wore blue bonnets.

352. **state** : "chair of state."

354. **is taken for** : "is represented by." **joined-stool** : a folding chair.

357. **fire of grace** : *i.e.* the spirit of grace implanted in thee by heaven.

360. **passion** : "sorrow"; cp. line 388. **King Cambyses' vein** : a hit at a play called *A lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambises, king of Persia*, 1570; cp. *M. N. D.*, I. ii. 42, "This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein." Cambyses (reigned 529-1 B.C.) was the son and successor of Cyrus the Great. Falstaff only keeps up "King Cambyses' vein" in his three lines of blank verse (365, 367 f.), in which there may be an allusion to a stage direction in the old play, "At this tale told let the queen weep," and also to the line "These words to hear make stilling tears issue from crystal eyes."

362. **leg** : "obeisance," "bow."

366. **the father** : *i.e.* by God the Father. **holds his countenance** : "keeps a straight face," as we say.

367. **tristful** : "sorrowful," Rowe's emendation for the *trustful* of the Quartos and Folios.

371. **tickle-brain** : "strong liquor." The word is applied to the Hostess as a seller of such, as is also *pint-pot*.

373. **for though . . . wears** : for the parody of Euphuism and these and other lines in this Scene see Introd., p. xxvi.

380. **pointed at** : *i.e.* in scorn. **micher** : "truant"; the word is still used generally in Ireland in this sense.

381. **eat blackberries** : cp. the French phrase for playing truant, *faire l'école buissonnière*.

385. **this pitch . . . defile** : from *Ecclesiasticus* xiii. 1, "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith."

391. **and it like**: "if it please."

396. **lewdly given**: "of a wicked character."

397. **if then . . . tree**: taken from St. Matt. xiii. 33, but thrown into a "euphuistic" form.

406. **rabbit . . . hare**: "a sucking rabbit or a poulterer's hare."

412. **nay, I 'll . . . prince**: "I'll serve you out, put you in a bad light, in playing the part of a young prince"—spoken in Falstaff's own person, as a commentary on his oath (cp. line 414). It might mean "show you how to do it with spirit."

414. **ungracious**: "graceless," "profane."

418. **bolting-hutch**: *i.e.* a hutch or bin into which meal was "bolted" or sifted. It is probably here used for "trough" generally.

420. **bombard**: "barrel," "large vessel." It is properly the name of a large cannon. **cloak-bag**: we now use *portmanteau* (Fr. *porte-manteau*), with the same meaning. **that roasted . . . belly**: referring to the custom of roasting oxen whole on the occasion of fairs: one of the best known fairs was at Manningtree in Essex, where this custom evidently prevailed. Morality plays were regularly acted in Manningtree fair, and this probably suggested the following similes.

422. **vice**: the buffoon in the morality plays (see line 127, *note*). **iniquity . . . vanity**: also parts in the morality plays. The Vice and the Iniquity were perhaps identical.

423. **in years**: "old"; cp. *reverend, grey, father*.

425. **cunning**: "skilful," lit. "knowing." *Crafty* originally meant "skilful," but in Shakespeare's time had attained the bad sense it now possesses. This was not yet the case with "cunning."

428. **take . . . you**: "explain to me what you mean."

441. **Pharaoh's . . . kine**: see Gen. xli. 19-21.

444. **therefore**: "for that reason," *i.e.* because he is old.

454. **the devil . . . fiddlestick**: a proverbial phrase, meaning probably "here's much ado about nothing."

458. **dost . . . seeming so**: Falstaff refers to the Prince's abuse of him, "the true piece of gold." It would be possible to take Falstaff as referring to the sheriff; "you must not call real danger imaginary; if you do, you are a madman, though not thought one." But this implies that Falstaff is afraid, and he is not

462. **major**: "major premiss," properly the general proposition on which a conclusion is based. Falstaff merely means here the Prince's first statement ("thou a natural coward"). A pun is probably intended in *major*, which is another form of *mayor* (from Lat. *maior*, "greater"). **deny the sheriff**: *i.e.* forbid him to enter.

463. **so**: "be it so." **become**: "adorn." **cart**: *i.e.* the cart in which criminals were taken to execution.

466. **arras**: "tapestry" of the kind originally made at Arras, in France.

469. **their date is out**: "I have them no longer," lit. "their lease is expired," a legal phrase.

471. *Stage-direction.* Probably *Peto* is here (and below) a mistake for *Poins*, as Johnson thought. Peto is an unimportant character, and, besides, he took part in the robbery; so he is not likely to remain when the sheriff comes. Poins, the Prince's friend, is more likely to be promised an "honourable place" in the wars (line 510). Johnson's view is supported by IV. ii. 9.

483. **withal**: "with."

486. **marks**: a mark was worth 13s. 4d.

490. **is . . be**: the Prince's indicative represents more certainty than the Sheriff's subjunctive; one may naturally be more certain that midnight is past than of the exact hour of the morning.

492. **oily**: "fat." **Paul's**: St. Paul's Cathedral.

506. **ob.**: "half-penny," from *obolus*, the Latinised form of the Greek ὀβολός, a small coin.

509. **at more advantage**: "at a more fitting time."

513. **twelve-score**: *i.e.* 240 yards, the usual range of a military arrow, whence *twelve-score* was used as a technical term. The Prince means that a march of 240 yards will be enough to kill Falstaff.

514. **advantage**: "interest."

ACT III. SCENE I.

This Scene marks the further progress of the Percies' rebellion; about a week has passed since the action of II. iii. It is decided that all the forces, which with the exception of Glendower's contingent are now ready, shall meet at Shrewsbury. The conference with Glendower, and the three-fold division of England which the rebels purpose to make after their victory, is not properly a part of their military plan at all; as a point of construction, its interest is purely psychological. It brings prominently forward the clash of Hotspur's and Glendower's characters and shows that seeds of disruption are already present in the rebellion. The excessive confidence shown in dividing the fruits of victory before the victory is won is dramatically punished afterwards by the defeat at Shrewsbury; and thus the first two lines have a touch of dramatic irony.

The agreement as to the division of England really occurred some time after the battle (Introd., p. xxi), but Shakespeare is following Holinshed in placing it at this time. Shakespeare, however, improves upon his authority in making the leaders of the conspiracy, rather than their "deputies," discuss the point. He further fol-

lows Holinshed in making the portents that were said to have happened at Mortimer's birth happen at Glendower's.

2. **induction**: "beginning," *i.e.* of our enterprise. The *induction* was a technical term for a scene introductory to the play; cp. the *Induction* to the *Taming of the Shrew*; the speech of Rumour in *2 Henry IV.* is also called the *Induction*.

8. **Lancaster**: *i.e.* Henry IV. Glendower, who denies his kingly title, calls him by the name he claimed to bear before his accession. Henry's father, John of Gaunt, had been Duke of Lancaster. Cp. IV. iii. 61.

13. **front**: "forehead," *i.e.* zenith.

14. **cressets**: "beacons," *i.e.* meteors. *Cressets* were properly firebaskets containing burning wood, etc., which were hung up or set on poles.

15. **the frame . . . shaked**: *i.e.* the huge earth itself shook to its foundations. The view of the earth underlying this line is of course the Ptolemaic theory, current in Shakespeare's time (and still surviving in such phrases as "sunrise," "sunset"), of the earth as the centre of the universe.

21. **was not . . . mind**: "did not agree with me." Hotspur's expression is not quite logical; he has two thoughts in his mind, "the earth was not of my mind, if it shook, as you suppose," "you are not of my mind, if you suppose that it shook in fear of you."

22. **as fearing you . . . shook**: "that it shook because it feared you."

26. **diseased nature**: *i.e.* nature when diseased.

28. **pinch'd and vex'd**: "griped and troubled."

30. **womb**: "stomach." **which**: referring to *wind*. **enlargement**: "freedom." The word is especially used of the being freed from prison.

31. **beldam**: "crone," "old woman."

33. **grandam**: "grandmother." **distemperature**: "disease," "disorder."

34. **of**: we should say "from."

37. **front**: "face."

39. **to**: not equivalent to "in," which Pope conjectured: the fields are personified (as *frighted* shows), and are figured as hearing the cry of the herds.

42. **in . . . of**: "among the number of." *Roll* means "list" here.

43. **clipp'd in with**: "surrounded by," *i.e.* as living on an island.

44. **chides**: "roars round," "beats against."

45. **read to**: "taught."

47. **can trace me**: "who can track, follow me." The nominative of the relative pronoun is frequently omitted in Shakespeare (cp. line 49), though not of course so commonly as the objective. **art**: *i.e.* magic.

48. **hold me pace**: "keep pace with me." **experiments**: *i.e.* magic arts.

52. **vasty**: "vast."

58. **tell . . . devil**: referring of course to a well-known proverb.

63. **three times**: Shakespeare takes this detail from Holinshed. **made head**: "brought an army."

66. **bootless**: "having accomplished nothing."

70. **our . . . ta'en**: *i.e.* the arrangement we made as to the division of England into three; cp. line 79.

71. **the archdeacon**: *i.e.* of Bangor, in whose house they have met.

73. **hitherto**: "to this point," *i.e.* to the S.E. corner of England, or perhaps to the mouth of the Trent, where it enters the Humber. Mortimer has his finger on the place in the map.

79. **tripartite are drawn**: "are drawn up in three," *i.e.* three copies are made, one for each. *Tripartite* is here predicative, though suggested by Holinshed's phrase *tripartite indenture*. For *indenture* cp. II. iv. 45.

80. **being . . . interchangeably**: *i.e.* each copy bearing the seals of all three conspirators.

88. **may have . . . together**: "will have been able to collect together." *May*, as often (cp. line 140), means "can."

91. **in my conduct**: "under my escort"; cp. line 195.

95. **moiety**: "share," like Fr. *moitié*. It properly means "half" (from low Latin *medietas*). Hotspur has been studying the map during Glendower's speech.

97. **this river**: *i.e.* the Trent. **comes . . . in**: "comes winding in against me." *Me* is "dative of disadvantage," a use hardly distinguishable from the ethic dative of II. iv. 97.

99. **cantle**: "piece," "section," lit. "corner" (low Lat. *cantellus*, dimin. of *cantus*). The Trent flows S.E. until a point a little above Burton, where it takes a sudden turn to the N.E. If the Trent had flowed straight on, as Hotspur wished, it would have fallen into the Wash instead of the Humber and added Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire (the "monstrous cantle") to his portion.

100. **in this place**: *i.e.* at the point above Burton.

101. **smug**: "smooth," *i.e.* quietly flowing.

102. **fair and evenly**: "fairly and evenly." In connecting two adverbs by *and*, Shakespeare often gives the adverbial termination only to one; cp. V. ii. 12 and *Jul. Caes.*, II. i. 224, "Look fresh and merrily."

103. **indent**: "indentation," "curve."

104. **bottom**: "low-lying land," which would be fertile (*rich*).

107. **runs me . . . side**: before reaching Burton the Trent runs in a S.E. direction, thus on this side decreasing Mortimer's portion and increasing Hotspur's.

109. **gelding . . . continent**: "taking off from the part opposite," *i.e.* Mortimer's share.

111. **charge**: "expense." **trench**: "cut off."

112. **cape**: the "monstrous cantle" of line 99. Worcester of course knows the impossibility of the proposal, though Hotspur does not; but Worcester is only trying to smooth matters over.

121. **framed . . . harp**: "set to music for a voice accompanied by the harp."

123. **gave . . . ornament**: *i.e.* by my music I helped the voice, which otherwise would have merely recited the poem. Glendower's argument is that he knew English well enough to set English poems to music. He probably does not imply that he composed the words also, though some editors take it that he did, and Johnson interpreted *tongue* as the "English language," *ornament* being Glendower's poems. Hotspur's answer proves nothing either way.

128. **ballad-mongers**: *i.e.* wandering singers and sellers of ballads, such as Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale*.

129. **canstick**: "candlestick." **turn'd**: *i.e.* on a lathe.

130. **dry**: *i.e.* that has not been oiled.

131. **nothing**: "in no way."

132. **mincing**: "walking affectedly," applied to the metre (cp. line 128), which is referred to in the next line.

133. **the forced . . . nag**: *i.e.* the walk of a tired horse which is forced on and so shuffles along unwillingly.

134. **come . . . turn'd**: Glendower sees it is no use quarrelling with the obstinate Hotspur, and gives in for the sake of peace.

138. **cavil . . . hair**: "raise petty objections on the smallest point."

141. **haste . . . writer**: "make the clerk hurry." The *writer* was the scrivener who drew up the indentures. **withal**: "together with this," *i.e.* also.

142. **break with**: "inform."

146. **cannot choose**: "cannot help doing so."

147. **moldwarp**: "mole"; lit. "the mould-caster" (M.E. *werpen*, "to throw," Germ. *werfen*). From Holinshed (p. 102) we see that the moldwarp prophecy was connected with this division of England between the conspirators, but Shakespeare elaborates Holinshed's hint into a general account of Glendower's divination.

148. **Merlin**: the great enchanter in the Arthurian legend. The prophecy referred to by Holinshed is ascribed to him by Hall in his *Chronicle*, which Shakespeare had probably read.

150. **moulten**: *i.e.* that has moulted.

151. **couching**: "lying down." **ramping**: "rearing up." These are the English forms of *couchant* and *rampant*, which are technical terms of heraldry.

152. **skimble-skamble**: "wild," "confused."

153. **puts . . . faith**: *i.e.* makes me lose faith in him.

154. It is possible that *the* has dropped out between *at* and *least*; otherwise the metre is very defective, and we have to suppose that *held* has the metrical value of a dissyllable (cp. line 66).

156. **go to**: an exclamation of impatience; it has been thought to be a player's addition here.

157. **mark'd . . . word**: "did not listen to a word he said."

160. **cheese and garlic**: possibly meant as a sneer at the Welsh, whose favourite food this was.

161. **cates**: "delicacies"; originally *acates*, from O.F. *achat*, "thing bought"; cp. mod. Fr. *achat*, *acheter*.

162. **summer house**: *i.e.* summer residence, such as those built away from London by Elizabethan nobles.

164. **profited . . . concealments**: "proficient in strange secrets."

168. **temper**: "temperament," "character."

169. **curbs . . . humour**: "restrains the violence he would naturally allow himself, when you irritate him."

175. **wilful-blame**: "wilfully blameworthy." For the compound compare *wilful-negligent* in *Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 255. *Blame* was possibly here considered as an adjective, from the common phrase "I am too blame" (cp. "I am much too blame," Fol. reading in *Oth.*, III. iii. 211, etc.), which was however merely an emphatic form of "I am to blame."

178. **this fault**: *i.e.* wilfulness.

179. **blood**: "spirit."

180. **dearest grace**: "utmost credit."

181. **present**: the same as *show* here.

182. **government**: "self-restraint."

183. **opinion**: "self-opinion," or perhaps "obstinacy."

187. **beguiling . . . commendation**: "taking from them the praise which they would otherwise obtain."

188. **good . . . speed**: "may those good manners (*i.e.* which you have tried to teach me) stand you in good stead when you require them." Hotspur is speaking half ironically.

190. **spite**: "annoyance."

194. **aunt Percy**: *i.e.* Lady Percy, who was really this Mortimer's sister. But here Shakespeare is again confusing the two Mortimers (see Index), and thinking of Edmund, Earl of March, whose aunt Lady Percy was.

197. **harlotry**: the word means no more here than "shrew," "vixen."

198. **that . . . Welsh**: *i.e.* her tears, which Mortimer fancifully regards as part of her language.

199. **these swelling heavens**: *i.e.* those swollen eyes. It is not necessary to suppose with the editors that the lovesick Mortimer calls her eyes "heavens" merely because they are blue and because rain falls from heaven. Unless we assume that *the* has dropped out before *which* or *two* before *swelling*, we must regard *which* as having the metrical value of a whole foot.

201. **in such a parley**: "in such language," *i.e.* by tears, as *but* ("except") *for shame* shows.

203. **feeling disputation**: *i.e.* a conversation carried on by the sense of feeling, rather than by words.

204. **I will never . . . language**: *i.e.* I will never stir from your side (cp. line 195) till I can speak freely with you.

206. **highly penn'd**: "written in lofty style."

208. **division**: "melody"; strictly a quick variation on a slow melody or plain-song, *descant* being the general name for such a variation.

211. **wanton**: "luxurious," *i.e.* fitted for luxury. **rushes**: the usual covering for the floor. Carpets were not in general use in Elizabethan times.

214. **crown . . . sleep**: her putting Mortimer to sleep is figured under the image of her setting the god of sleep on his eyelids, as if he were a king on a throne.

215. **charming . . . east**: "lulling your active desires (line 179) into soft tranquillity, as if by a magic song, and sending you to the borderland between wakefulness and sleep, which may be compared to the morning twilight, the borderland between day and night, during the hour before sunrise."

218. **the . . . team**: "the team of horses, harnessed in heaven," *i.e.* the chariot of Apollo, the sun-god, who, in the classical mythology, drove it across the heavens from east to west every day.

221. **book**: *i.e.* the "indentures" of line 139.

223. **those musicians . . . here**: the two sentences are here connected by *and*, though the first is logically subordinate to the second. Glendower means "those musicians . . . will be here at once, although they now hang in the air . . ."

225. **straight**: "straightway," "immediately." It is not necessary to assume that Glendower pronounces a Welsh invocation after this line (see next note), but we may do so.

229. **now**: *i.e.* now that the music arrives which Glendower promised. Of course Hotspur is ironical and does not believe in the supernatural origin of the music; and from the absence of comment it is clear that no one else believes in it either, and that Shakespeare means the music to be played by one of Glendower's servants.

230. **humorous**: "capricious," "fanciful." Hotspur means that the devil learned the Welshmen's capriciousness with their language.

232. **then . . . humours**: Lady Percy is made to argue illogically. Hotspur's argument was that the devil's "humours" came from his knowledge of Welsh, and not that his knowledge of music came from his "humours."

235. **brach**: "hunting-bitch."

239. **neither**: "not that either." **'tis**: *i.e.* stillness is. **a woman's fault**: a proverbial expression, used here ironically, implying that women are talkative.

243. **in good sooth**: "in good truth," "certainly."

244. **heart**: "by my heart."

245. **comfit-maker**: "confectioner."

248. **givest . . . oaths**: *i.e.* you confirm your oaths in such soft terms. The "surety" of an oath is that which is sworn by. *Sarcenet* (*i.e.* Saracen cloth) was the name of a thin silk stuff.

249. **as if . . . Finsbury**: *i.e.* as if you were a tradesman's wife in the City of London. The simile itself suggests the metaphor *sarcenet*. *Walk'st* is really imperfect subjunctive, and contracted from the unharmonious *walk'dst*.

252. **protest**: "small oaths." The word is accented on the final syllable. **pepper-gingerbread**: "spiced gingerbread," such as the "comfit-maker" would sell.

253. **velvet-guards . . . citizens**: *i.e.* citizens' wives wearing velvet "guards" or trimmings, and citizens in their Sunday clothes. *Velvet-guards* means not the guards themselves, but those who wore them.

256. **'tis . . . teacher**: *i.e.* singing is the nearest way to (almost as bad as) becoming a tailor or a teacher of tunes to tame robins. Tailors, like weavers (II. iv. 123), sang at their work. Hotspur finds an excuse for not pressing his wife to sing, his real reason being his impatience to go.

ACT III. SCENE II.

The Percies' rebellion has now advanced a stage further; all the rebels, with the exception of Glendower, are met at Shrewsbury (lines 165-6), and the King decides to advance against them at once. But first he has to settle accounts with his son, whom he had already sent for (II. iv. 316), and who, he pretends to fear, will join the rebels (lines 124-8). The interview, which begins with reproaches, ends with reconciliation, and the King will give the Prince a high place of trust in the war (line 161). About a fortnight has passed since III. i.

The Scene marks a turning-point in the life of the Prince, and from this time onward Falstaff has less power over him. He looks forward to the future, not back to the past.

There is no hint in Holinshed that such an interview with the King took place before the battle of Shrewsbury; but he describes at length a scene of reconciliation, during the King's last illness in 1412, in which the Prince offers to be killed by his dagger; and this forms the basis of Shakespeare's account. Shakespeare, however, has rightly omitted the melodramatic episode of the dagger. Again, he makes Henry lose his place in the council before this time (line 32), whereas in Holinshed this occurs later, after he has struck the Lord Chief Justice (cp. *2 Henry IV.*, I. ii.). There is a reconciliation scene before the battle in *The Famous Victories*, but such a scene is so necessary to Shakespeare's own psychological treatment of the history that he would certainly have included it even if *The Famous Victories* had never been written.

1. **give us leave**: "leave us alone."

6. **in . . . doom**: *i.e.* by a secret judgment. **my blood**: "my issue."

8. **in thy . . . life**: "in the passages, or events, of thy life," *i.e.* by your conduct.

9. **mark'd . . . mistreadings**: "marked out as the instrument by which . . . heaven may punish my transgressions from the path of virtue." Henry, throughout *1* and *2 Henry IV.*, betrays remorse for the part he had played in the deposition of Richard II.

11. **else**: "if it were otherwise," depending properly on *could . . . accompany*, not on *tell*.

13. **lewd**: "ignorant," "vulgar"; the original meaning of the word is "lay," as opposed to "clerical." **attempts**: "enterprises."

15. **match'd withal**: "joined with." **grafted to**: *i.e.* put on an equality with, as a bud which is grafted on a tree becomes one with it.

17. **hold . . . heart**: "satisfy your desires, which should be those of a prince," *sc.* and would be if you were not "mark'd for . . . mistreadings."

19. **quit**: "discharge."

20. **am doubtless . . . of**: "have no doubt that I can excuse myself from."

23. **as, in reproof**: "that, in disproving." The Prince begs that he may be pardoned the tales that are true, if he refutes those that are false.

25. **pick-thanks**: "flatterers." The word is borrowed from Holinshed.

28. **on . . . submission**: "by my honest acknowledgment of them."

30. **affections**: "desires." **hold . . . of**: "hold a course quite apart from that pursued by."

32. **council**: *i.e.* the Privy Council. See introductory note above.

33. **younger brother**: *i.e.* Thomas, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

36. **the hope . . . time**: *i.e.* the hopes that were entertained of what you would become when you attained manhood, or perhaps came to the throne.

38. **prophetically . . . forethink**: "prophesies in his heart." The plural *do* is used as if *the soul . . . man* were "the souls of all men." *Doth* has been conjectured.

40. **common-hackney'd**: "made common and ordinary," like a *hackney*, or horse, that is hired out by anyone.

42. **opinion**: *i.e.* the opinion men had of me.

43. **had**: "would have." **possession**: "the possessor," *i.e.* Richard.

45. **mark nor likelihood**: "reputation or prospects."

50. **stole . . . heaven**: *i.e.* assumed a godlike graciousness. A less likely interpretation is, "I took all the worship that would naturally be paid to heaven."

52. **pluck . . . hearts**: *i.e.* made men faithful to me, even if they did not wish to be so at first.

56. **robe pontifical**: *i.e.* the full dress of a Pope, which was only worn on great occasions.

58. **seldom . . . sumptuous**: "rarely seen, but sumptuous when it was so."

59. **wan**: "won." **such solemnity**: *i.e.* such splendour as is proper to a feast.

61. **rash . . . wits**: *i.e.* thoughtless fellows of enthusiastic but unstable minds. *Barein* is used as an adjective, but really is a noun meaning "brushwood." Henry explains the metaphor in the next line.

62. **soon . . . burnt**: *i.e.* their enthusiasm was easily assumed and as easily dropped. **carded his state**: *i.e.* debased his great position by associating with fools. *To card* was strictly "to make liquid worse by adulteration," and, as before, the metaphor is explained in the next line.

63. **capering**: the reading of *Q*: the other editions have *carping* (*i.e.* jesting).

65. **gave . . . comparative**: "consented, to the detriment of his royal position, to laugh at the jests of roysterers, and to be the butt of the witty remarks of any idle young man with a taste for making comparisons." For *countenance* (*i.e.* favour) cp. I. ii. 27, though here there is no double meaning; and for *comparative* cp. I. ii. 75, where, however, the word is used as an adjective.

69. **enfeoff'd . . . popularity**: "gave himself up absolutely to winning popularity," by a way however, Henry means, that was not so successful as his own (lines 51-4). *To enfeoff* was a feudal term, meaning to grant land in fee-simple (or freehold), without any conditions.

71. **surfeited**: neuter, "were surfeited."

77. **community**: "familiarity."

80. **when . . . eyes**: *i.e.* when it appears, at rare intervals, to eyes that then wonder at it.

83. **cloudy**: "sullen," "gloomy."

85. **in that . . . line**: *i.e.* on a level with him. *Line* means here "rank," "file."

87. **with vile participation**: "by keeping low company." *Vile* means literally "cheap" (Lat. *vilis*).

91. **make blind itself**: *i.e.* with tears.

98. **he hath . . . succession**: "his claim to the kingly position which consists in his worth is better than your shadowy claim to succeed to it by right of blood. *To* means "towards," "as regards," and "to the state" (with the ordinary meaning of *to*) must be supplied with *succession*.

100. **of no . . . realm**: "with no (legal) right or pretence of right, he fills battlefields in this kingdom with armed men." *Harness* is literally "armour."

102. **turns head**: "brings an army." **the lion**: *i.e.* Henry himself.

103. **more . . . years**: *i.e.* older. Hotspur was actually older than the king; see Introd., p. xx.

108. **hot incursions**: "violent invasions."

109. **holds**: singular, as the feats of arms and the reputation they bring form a single idea. **majority**: "pre-eminence."
110. **capital**: "chief," "supreme."
112. **swathling clothes**: "swaddling clothes." Hotspur is represented as a young Mars.
114. **discomfited**: "defeated."
115. **enlarged**: "set at liberty."
116. **to . . . up**: *i.e.* to swell the number of those who defy me.
119 **the . . . York**: "his Grace the Archbishop of York."
120. "Draw up a list of their grievances (cp. V. i. 72-3) and are up in arms."
123. **which**: "who," as often. **dearest**: *i.e.* bitterest, with a play on the ordinary sense.
124. **vassal**: "cowardly," *i.e.* such as befits a servant.
125. "Low desires and the impulses of ill-temper."
136. "And stain my features with blood, that shall cover them like a mask."
138. **lights**: "alights," *i.e.* whenever it comes.
141. **your unthought-of**: "of whom you think so little."
142. **for**: "as for." 147. **factor**: "agent."
148. **engross up**: "amass together."
151. **the slightest . . . time**: "the smallest honour hitherto paid to him."
155. **salve . . . intemperance**: *i.e.* pardon my long life of self-indulgence.
157. **bands**: "bonds."
159. **parcel**: "particle."
161. **charge . . . trust**: *i.e.* a position of command and great trust.
167. "They are an army as powerful and as much to be dreaded." Shakespeare often has one *as* where we should have two.
172. **advertisement**: "information," "warning."
177. **our business valued**: "the work we have to do being taken into account."
180. **advantage . . . fat**: "favourable opportunity feeds himself fat," *i.e.* becomes duller and less favourable.

ACT III. SCENE III.

This, the last of the tavern scenes, is also the last Scene of the comic underplot, properly so called. Henceforth Falstaff takes his place in the main stream of events. In this Scene the Prince comes to fetch Falstaff to the war; he has procured him his "charge of foot" (line 175) and will settle the details with him on the next day. The underplot is finally ended with the return of the money

that was robbed from the traders (line 167). About a week has passed since III. ii.

The dialogue of the Prince and Falstaff recalls that in II. iv.; cp. lines 137-9 with II. iv. 250-7, lines 144-153 with II. iv. 237-48, and lines 95-6 with Falstaff's exaggerations in II. iv. 149 f. Falstaff, however, though as fertile in excuse as ever, is shown in a more harmful light now than then; we hear of his debts to Mistress Quickly; he is opposed to the traders' money being paid back; his thoughts run more on stealing (lines 172-180). Again, it is the serious and earnest side of the Prince that is uppermost (lines 180-92), and we are being gradually prepared for an estrangement between him and Falstaff.

2. **bate**: "abate," *i.e.* lose flesh.

4. **apple-john**: a variety of apple that improved with keeping, but became shrivelled in the process. It was called *apple-john*, lit. "St. John's apple," as being ripe about June 21st (St. John's day).

5. **in some liking**: "in fairly good condition." **be . . . heart**: "lose heart."

8. **brewer's horse**: *i.e.* a dull fool. *Malt-horse* (*i.e.* brewer's horse) was a common term of abuse.

10. **spoil**: "ruin."

13. **given**: "disposed," "inclined."

16. **in good compass**: "in moderation." Bardolph takes the word in its physical meaning of "measurement round." **out of . . . order**: "dissolutely."

22. **admiral**: "admiral's ship," "flag-ship."

23. **Knight . . . Lamp**: Falstaff is satirising the romantic names given to the knightly heroes in the romances of chivalry.

27. **a Death's head**: *i.e.* a skull engraved on a ring, and used to remind its wearer of his mortality. **memento mori**: "reminder of death," lit. "remember death."

28. **Dives**: the rich man of the parable; see St. Luke xvi. 19-31.

33. **utter**: *i.e.* outer.

35. **ignis fatuus**: "will o' the wisp."

36. **purchase**: "power of purchasing."

37. **triumph**: "triumphal procession," with torches.

38. **links**: "small torches." Before the introduction of street-lamps those who walked in London at night were often preceded by "link-boys" carrying torches.

41. **as good cheap**: "as cheap"; *cheap* is here a noun meaning "sale," "barter" (O.E. *ceap*; cp. Germ. *kaufen*, to buy, and *Eastcheap*).

42. **salamander**: a kind of lizard, supposed to be able to live in fire.

47. **Dame Partlet**: the name of the hen in the old story of *Reynard the Fox*. *Pertelote* is the name of the hen in Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale*.

64. **dowlas**: a kind of coarse linen.
65. **bolters**: canvas sieves for meal.
66. **true**: "honest," as II. i. 83.
68. **by-drinkings**: "drinkings between meals."
73. **rich**: *i.e.* as being the colour of gold.
74. **denier**: a small French coin, equivalent to the tenth of an English penny. **make . . . me**: "take me for a novice."
75. **take . . . inn**: a proverbial phrase, meaning literally "take my ease in my own house," "make myself at home." Falstaff of course uses *inn* in the sense, then and now current, of "tavern."
80. **Jack**: "knave"; cp. II. iv. 11. **sneak-cup**: "one who sneaks from his cups," *i.e.* one who is afraid of drinking.
83. **is the . . . door**: "does the wind blow that way?" *i.e.* is that what we have to do?
85. **Newgate fashion**: *i.e.* tied together like prisoners on their way to Newgate prison.
106. **a drawn fox**: *i.e.* a fox which has been lured from his hole. Mrs. Quickly's lies are compared to the fox's shifts to elude his pursuers.
107. **Maid Marian**: one of the characters in the May-day Morris dance; originally the companion of the outlaw Robin Hood. **deputy's . . . ward**: *i.e.* the wife of the deputy of the ward, or police officer in charge of the ward. Falstaff means "Maid Marian is respectable in comparison with you."
113. **knave**: properly an attendant on a knight; and though Mrs. Quickly uses it in the modern sense, *knight* and *knave* were enough contrasted in common speech for her to say "setting thy knighthood aside." That the contrast is intentional is shown by Falstaff's answer.
120. **where . . . her**: "in what class to put her."
125. **this other day**: "the other day."
126. **ought**: "owed," an archaic form.
148. **embossed**: "swollen."
150. **sugar-candy . . . long-winded**: it was given to fighting-cocks for the same purpose.
151. **these**: *i.e.* which you have "pocketed up." The Prince alludes in this line to the common phrase "pocket up injuries," *i.e.* submit to insult—the same as *pocket up wrong* in line 153. To take an abstract word in a proverbial phrase as if it were concrete is a common form of humour, hardly needing illustration.
163. **pacified still**: if the punctuation be sound, this must mean "always (cp. line 166) ready for peace." Some editors put a full-stop after *pacified*, and make *still* a question; *i.e.* "are you still angry?"
165. **answered**: "accounted for," "settled."
173. **with . . . hands**: *i.e.* without delay.
185. **Peto**: if *Peto* is a mistake for *Poins* in II. iv. 472 (see note), it may be so here. Even so, it is improbable that the Prince's speech is all in verse, though it is printed thus in the Quartos and

Folios. Unless there is some further corruption, which is unlikely, the verse would halt in a most un-Shakespearean manner.

190. **furniture**: "furnishing," "equipment."

191. **burning**: *i.e.* with warlike ardour. The word is metaphorical.

194. **drum**: most editors take this as "recruiting station," recruits being enlisted at the beat of the drum. It might be possible, however, to take it literally, as a piece of absurd bombast. Falstaff in these two lines of verse is parodying the Prince's rant in lines 191-2, and pretending to be in an ecstasy of martial enthusiasm.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The cause of the rebels receives its first definite check in this Scene. It is reported that sickness prevents Northumberland from joining them with his forces, and Glendower cannot come for fourteen days. On the other hand, the King is marching against them with a large army. Worcester regards the check as serious, and Hotspur's last words (line 134), in spite of his prevailing optimism, have a note of despair.

The account of Northumberland's sickness is taken from Holinshed; Glendower's delay is not actually mentioned by him, but could be inferred from the omission of his name in the account of the battle, and from the words "upon trust to be assisted by Owen Glendower." About a week has passed since III. iii.

2. **fine**: "over-refined."

3. **such . . . world**: "the Douglas would have from me such commendation, that no soldier of this present time would be so generally known throughout the world." The Douglas is figured, by the metaphor in *stamp* and *current*, as a new coin which passes from hand to hand.

6. **defy**: "renounce," *i.e.* disdain; cp. I. iii. 228.

7. **soothers**: "flatterers." **braver**: "more honourable."

9. **task . . . word**: "test me in my words," *i.e.* hold me to my words. **approve**: "prove," "make trial of."

11. **no man . . . him**: "there is no man living so powerful that I will not face him in battle." Douglas is probably continuing his boastful promises to help the Percies, which he has presumably been making before the Scene opens (cp. line 1).

13. **I can . . . you**: said of course to Douglas, and not to the Messenger, as the change from *thou* to *you* shows.

18. **justling**: "jostling," *i.e.* bustling, busy.

19. **government**: "command."

20. **bears his mind**: "contain his purposes." *Bears*, the reading of the first two Quartos and the first Folio, is probably right here, as a true northern plural in *-s*. This plural is not inharmonious before *his*, though it would be before *from* in line 14. **my lord**: the first two Quartos have *my mind*, altered desperately in the other early editions to *his mind*. The emendation in the text is Capell's, and is more probable than Warburton's *His mind!* given as an exclamation to Hotspur; for in all his other speeches except the first (where he is interrupted by Hotspur) the Messenger uses the respectful *my lord*.

24. **he . . . physicians**: "his physicians were very anxious about him." *Fear'd, i.e.* feared *for*.

25. **the state . . . whole**: "the state of our affairs had first been healthy."

27. **better worth**: "of more value."

31. **that . . . sickness—**: Hotspur in his impatience will not read out the whole sentence, but passes on to the next.

32. **by deputation . . . drawn**: "could not be collected so quickly by his deputies, or subordinates"; cp. line 126.

34. **dear**: "intimate," "important"; see I. i. 33, *note*.

35. **on any . . . own**: lit. "on any stranger except himself." By a common idiom the two thoughts "on any soul removed" and "on any soul but his own" are put together in a single phrase; cp. *M. N. D.*, V. i. 252, "This is the greatest error of all the rest," a combination of "an error greater than all the rest," and "the greatest error of all."

36. **advertisement**: "counsel," a slightly different sense from that in III. ii. 172.

37. **conjunction**: "combined forces."

40. **possess'd**: "informed."

44. **his present want**: "our present need of him."

45. **more**: *i.e.* greater.

46. **set . . . cast**: "to risk in one venture the total advantage of our several positions." *States* is a very general word, comprising positions, fortunes, conditions, etc. The metaphor is from a throw of dice.

47. **main**: "stake"; lit. a "hand" (Fr. *main*) at cards.

48. **nice hazard**: "uncertain, precarious, chance."

49. **read**: "see," "discern."

50. **the very . . . hope**: *i.e.* the utmost we have to hope for. Hotspur means that the defeat of their combined forces would be irretrievable; whereas if they were defeated without Northumberland, they would still have his contingent in reserve.

51. **list**: "limit," lit. "border" of cloth.

53. **where**: "whereas." **reversion**: a metaphor from the legal sense still current, with a reference to the wider original meaning of "something to turn back to" (Lat. *reverti*). Lines 53-5 mean "we may use up our present force in the hope of having Northum-

berland's to help us afterwards, just as one who expects the reversion of an estate to fall to him may spend his income boldly without thought of saving."

56. **a comfort of retirement**: "the comfort of having something to fall back on." *Of retirement* explains *comfort*.

58. **look . . . affairs**: "overwhelm our enterprise that is just beginning."

61. **the quality . . . division**: "the particular quality and character of our attempt allows of no division among us." For *hair* in this sense cp. the phrase "against the hair," our "against the grain."

64. **mere**: "absolute," "complete."

67. "Turn back those who are inclined to be rebellious, though naturally timid."

68. **question**: "doubt," "misgiving."

69. **offering**: "aggressive," "attacking."

70. **strict arbitrement**: *i.e.* a strict weighing of the question how far we are justified.

71. **loop**: "loophole."

73. **draws a curtain**: *i.e.* discloses what otherwise would have been hidden, as a curtain is drawn back to show what is behind it.

74. **fear**: *i.e.* cause or object of fear.

75. **strain too far**: "exaggerate."

77. **opinion**: "reputation."

78. **larger dare**: "greater daring."

83. **yet**: "as yet." **joints**: "limbs."

92. **hitherwards . . . speedily**: "about to march in this direction soon"; cp. III. ii. 174.

95. **nimble-footed**: Stow says in his *Chronicle* that the Prince "was passing swift in running."

96. **comrades**: accented on the last syllable. **daff'd . . . aside**: *i.e.* put aside the serious things of life. *Daff* = "doff."

97. **furnish'd**: "equipped."

98. **plumed . . . bathed**: "with plumes in their helmets, like those of ostriches that fluttered their plumes in the wind like eagles which had lately bathed." *Baited*, the reading of the old editions, is merely a mis-spelling (or possibly a variant spelling) for *bated*; *to bate* was the technical term used of a falcon which fluttered its wings on being unhooded. Unless we believe, with Malone, that a line has been lost after line 99, there is a simile within a simile here; the waving plumes of the helmets are compared to those of ostriches as they flutter in the wind; this fluttering, again, is compared to the flapping of an eagle's wings after a bath. The past *bated*, instead of *bate*, helps out the double comparison, as *with the wind bated* (i.e. waved in the wind) could directly apply to the plumes on the helmets as well as to those of the ostrich.

Some editors put a comma after *bated*, and make *like eagles* refer immediately to the Prince and his comrades, but this spoils the rhythm. Rowe conjectured *wing* for *with*; and this is probably the true reading. An ostrich does not fly, but still uses its wings in

running. Some say that *estridge* means the "estrich falcon" or goshawk, *e.g.* Boswell, who compares *Ant. and Cleop.*, III. xiii. 197, "the dove will peck the estridge."

100. **images**: *i.e.* such as those of the Virgin and Child set up in Catholic churches and dressed on festival-days in vestments embroidered with gold.

104. **beaver**: properly the visor of a helmet (Fr. *bavière*, a bib), here the helmet itself.

105. **cuisses**: "thigh-guards."

107. **vaulted**: *i.e.* he vaulted. For the change in construction cp. II. iv. 237.

109. **wind**: "make to wheel about."

110. **witch**: "bewitch."

112. **agues**: *i.e.* trembling fits of jealousy, compared to the fevers which were caused by the sun and the March winds.

113. **like . . . trim**: *i.e.* like victims decked for the sacrifice. *Sacrifices* is here used of the victims themselves.

114. **the fire-eyed . . . war**: *i.e.* Bellona, the Roman goddess of war.

116. **mailed**: "clad in armour." The goddess and the god of war (Mars) are both represented as receiving the sacrifice.

118. **reprisal**: "prize."

119. **taste**: "make trial of."

122. **Harry . . . meet**: a combination of "Harry to Harry shall" (*i.e.* Harry will advance against Harry) and "Harry with Harry shall meet."

126. **draw his power**: "collect his army."

129. **battle**: *i.e.* army in battle-array.

132. **may serve**: "can be sufficient for."

133. **take a muster**: "make a review," *i.e.* of our troops.

134. "The day of judgment is near; if we all have to die, let us die cheerfully."

ACT IV. SCENE II.

From IV. i. to V. ii. (except for the parenthetical IV. iv.) we are alternately with the rebels and the King's forces. We heard in IV. i. that the King's forces would soon arrive, and here we see the last regiment of them—Falstaff's ragged contingent—on their way to Shrewsbury, where the King is already encamped. Falstaff himself is not too eager to get there in time for the battle (lines 75-6), now that he has lined his pockets from his recruiting, but the Prince hurries him on, and the persons of the comic underplot are definitely merged in the main current of the play. A few days have elapsed since IV. i.

3. **Sutton Co'fil'** : *i.e.* Sutton-Coldfield, 24 miles N. W. of Coventry.
5. **lay out** : "spend freely."
6. **makes an angel** : "brings the money I have spent for you up to an angel" (about 10s.).
8. **answer the coinage** : "answer for the money."
11. **soused** : "pickled." *Soused gurnet* (a common fish) was frequently used as a term of contempt.
12. **press** : *i.e.* the power given me to impress (recruit by force) soldiers.
15. **contracted** : "engaged to be married."
16. **commodity** : "stock."
17. **warm** : "amorous." **lief** : "willingly."
18. **caliver** : "musket." **struck fowl** : "wounded bird." The word is curious, as a wild-duck *is a* "fowl," and Johnson's emendation *sorrel* ("young deer") is possible.
19. **toasts-and-butter** : "eaters of buttered toast," *i.e.* luxurious livers.
22. **ancients** : "ensigns," the officers below the lieutenants ; the word is here used of the officer who bore the standard, below (line 29) of the standard itself. *Ensign* had also the two meanings.
23. **gentlemen of companies** : "subordinate officers." **Lazarus . . . cloth** : *i.e.* the beggar Lazarus, represented on a painted canvas, serving as part of the hangings of a room. Painted cloth was a cheap substitute for tapestry and has been superseded by wall-paper.
26. **revolted tapsters** : *i.e.* "drawers" in inns, like Francis, who had left their masters.
27. **trade-fallen** : *i.e.* who had lost their place through the badness of trade. **cankers** : men preying on the world as canker-worms feed on roses.
29. **old faced ancient** : "old patched standard." The soldiers, as Johnson says, are more ragged, though less honourably ragged, than an old ancient. *Faced* is still used in connection with clothes, as it is in V. i. 74.
32. **draff** : "refuse," lit. "dregs." Cp. St. Luke xv.
37. **gyves** : "ankle-fetters."
38. **but** : Rowe's certain emendation of *not* ; cp. line 39.
45. **blown** : "blown out," "fat." **quilt** : "feather-bed."
48. **cry you mercy** : "ask your pardon," *i.e.* for not seeing you before.
52. **away all night** : "march all night."
54. **fear me** : "fear for me" ; cp. IV. i. 24.
61. **toss** : *i.e.* be impaled on the pikes of the enemy.
62. **pit** : "grave."
69. **three fingers . . . ribs** : "fat on the ribs three fingers in thickness."
75. **to the . . . guest** : *i.e.* one who is a dull fighter but a keen eater will reach a battle when it is nearly over and a feast when it is about to begin. Shakespeare is probably transcribing a current proverb word for word, to judge from the doggerel rhythm.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

The time is the evening before the battle of Shrewsbury (lines 13, 110), and probably the day after the events of IV. ii. Hotspur and Douglas wish to fight at once, Worcester and Vernon counsel them to wait till the next day; this advice is adopted owing to Sir Walter Blunt's coming from the King, and Hotspur's being willing to negotiate. The gracious offers of pardon that Blunt brings are neither accepted nor rejected; Hotspur is too full of his wrongs to discuss them; but he will send Worcester on the next morning to continue the negotiation.

Shakespeare is following Holinshed for the main historical details of this Scene, and therefore we cannot say that he is seeking to excite sympathy either for Henry, who sends "gracious offers," or for Hotspur, whose grievances are genuine. Shakespeare, however, differs from Holinshed in making the King send a soldier, Sir Walter Blunt, and not the Abbot of Shrewsbury; again, in Holinshed the Percies' grievances are set down in writing and sent to the King, not spoken by Hotspur (cp. however V. i. 72-3). Both changes add to the dramatic effect of the Scene.

3. **supply**: "reinforcements."

10. **well-respected honour**: "well considered questions of honour."

14. **content**: "agreed." Vernon is led, by the desire to prove his valour, to agree for a moment with the Douglas' proposal; but prudence soon gains the upper hand again.

17. **leading**: "generalship." Burke's phrase "men of light and leading" was suggested by this.

19. **drag . . . expedition**: "thwart the haste we should otherwise have used." The enterprise was not an "expedition" in the modern sense; see I. i. 33, *note*. **horse**: "cavalry," as also in line 21.

22. **their . . . mettle is asleep**: *i.e.* they have no spirit. The verb is singular, as *pride and mettle* (*i.e.* the spirit shown in their proud curvetting) forms one idea.

26. **journey-bated**: "tired with their journey."

31. **vouchsafe . . . respect**: "give me a respectful hearing."

35. **envy . . . name**: "grudge you your . . . name."

36. **of our quality**: "of our party," "on our side."

38. **defend . . . should**: "forbid that I should not always."

39. **so long . . . majesty**: "so long as you rebel against the anointed King, putting yourselves thus beyond the bounds of law and declining the obedience owed by an honest man." In *anointed majesty* Blunt emphasises the sacredness of the King's position.

42. **griefs**: "grievances." **whereupon**: "for what reason."

43. **conjure**: "call up," "evoke": as if hostility were a devil with which "civil peace" (*i.e.* peace between citizens) was possessed.

49. **you . . . interest**: *i.e.* you shall have not only what you are, but more.

51. **suggestion**: "instigation," "tempting." The word usually has this bad sense in Shakespeare.

56. **was not . . . strong**: "had less than 26 men."

57. **sick . . . regard**: "despised in the eyes of the world."

58. **unminded**: "unregarded."

60. **and when . . . Lancaster**: cp. *Rich. II.*, II. iii. 113, "But as I come, I come for Lancaster." Henry came in the first instance, as Duke of Hereford, to sue for the dukedom of Lancaster, which would have descended to him from his father, John of Gaunt, had not Richard II. robbed him of his inheritance on Gaunt's death (cp. *Richard II.*, II. i. 195-206).

62. **sue his livery**: *i.e.* claim his title and estates. When a feudal landholder died, his estates reverted to the king; but if the heir was of age, he "sued his livery," *i.e.* took out a writ of ouster-le-main, that the king might take his hands (*ôter les mains*) off the property. The phrase is used in the same connexion in *Rich. II.*, II. i. 203, iii. 128, and is taken from the following passage of Holinshed:—"he . . . received all the rents and revenues of his lands, which ought to have descended unto the Duke of Hereford by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patent which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof he might make his attorneys-general to *sue livery* for him of any manner of inheritances or possessions that might from thenceforth fall unto him." **his peace**: *i.e.* to be reconciled to the King.

63. **terms of zeal**: "professions of loyalty."

68. "Both great and small came in, taking off their caps and bending their knees."

72. Malone plausibly proposed to transfer the comma from *heirs* to *pages*.

74. **as . . . itself**: "as soon as he became aware of his power." *Knows*, like *steps* and *takes* (line 78), is best taken as historic present.

76. **while . . . poor**: *i.e.* while his desires were more humble (cp. line 61); the blood was considered to be the seat of courage and passion.

82. **this face**: *i.e.* this appearance of moderation. This phrase is explained by the next.

87. **in deputation**: "as deputies." Compare the execution of Bushy and Green in *Richard II.*, III. i.

88. **was personal**: "was personally engaged"; cp. *Richard II.*, II. i. 217-20.

92. **in the neck of**: *i.e.* at the heels of, immediately after. **task'd**: "taxed."

94. **were . . . placed**: "were put in his right place."

95. **engaged**: "detained as a hostage," as in V. ii. 44.

97. "Brought discredit on me after my fortunate victories."
98. **by intelligence**: *i.e.* through information given by spies.
99. **rated**: "scolded." The reference is probably to I. iii. 15-21. Similarly the next line refers to I. iii. 122-3.
103. **this . . . safety**: "this armed force to protect us."
105. **indirect**: *i.e.* not in the direct line of succession. Henry claimed through the fourth son of Edward III., the Earl of March through the third; see table on p. 162.
108. **impawn'd**: "pledged," *i.e.* given as a hostage.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

This Scene gives a quiet ending to the Act that precedes the final struggle. The Archbishop of York, one of the conspirators, has misgivings as to the Percies' success, and conceives further plans. The Scene looks forward to *2 Henry IV.*, where we find the Archbishop continuing the rebellion after Hotspur's death (cp. also V. v. 37). This Scene takes place on the same day as the last.

1. **Sir Michael**: probably the Archbishop's chaplain; priests were often given the courtesy title of *Sir*; cp. Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Sir Oliver Martext in *As You Like it*, and the mock Sir Topas in *Twelfth Night*. **brief**: "letter"; cp. Germ. *Brief*.
2. **lord marshal**: Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, the son of the Mowbray who fights with Bolingbroke in *Richard II.*, I. iii. *Marshal* has here the metrical value of a trisyllable, and may have been pronounced *marishal* (cp. Fr. *maréchal*).
4. **to whom**: *i.e.* to those to whom.
10. **bide the touch**: "be put to the test." *Touch*—*i.e.* the touch-stone used for testing gold.
15. "Whose contribution was larger than that of any other."
17. **rated sinew**: "highly valued source of strength."
20. **wage . . . with**: "give battle immediately to."
28. **special head**: *i.e.* the chosen warriors.
31. **moe**: "more"; O.E. *mā* (adverb). Our *more* comes from O.E. *māra*, comparative of *micel*, "great." **corrivals**: "rivals in arms." **dear . . . estimation**: "men highly estimated."
33. **shall**: *i.e.* are sure to, a frequent sense.

ACT V. SCENE I.

This Scene is closely connected with IV. iii. Worcester comes to the King, as was promised in IV. iii. 110-111, but so far from "bringing him our purposes," he merely amplifies Hotspur's speech. The King's offer of a free pardon, sent in IV. iii. 50

through Blunt, is now made by himself, and made unconditionally. The Prince's wish to settle the matter by a duel with Hotspur throws light on his character, but does not influence the action; the King brushes it aside in favour of his own proposal. As a point of construction, the speech of Falstaff, with which the Scene concludes, is an ironical comment on the whole situation.

As in IV. iii., Shakespeare follows Holinshed for the main historical details; the written list of grievances, however, furnishes the materials for Worcester's speech here, as for Hotspur's before, Holinshed merely summarising the result of both interviews. The Prince's proposal for a duel is Shakespeare's own addition, and has no warrant from Holinshed, nor, of course, from history.

2. **busky**: "bushy," *i.e.* wooded.

3. **distemperature**: lit. disorder, *i.e.* the sun's blood-red colour, as seen through a mist.

4. **doth . . . purposes**: "comes, as a trumpeter, to tell what the sun purposes," *i.e.* the wind foreshadows what the weather will be. The sun was supposed directly to govern the weather.

13. Henry is represented as old here, though he was only 36, and actually younger than Hotspur. Shakespeare, in increasing the real age of the Prince, has to do the same with his father.

17. **orb**: "orbit." The metaphor is from a star or planet which, according to the old astronomy, circled the earth in a regular orbit, and did not, like a meteor, pursue an irregular path.

19. **exhaled meteor**: see II. iv. 300, *note*.

20. **prodigy of fear**: *i.e.* like a monstrous apparition in the sky, which causes fear. **a portent . . . times**: "a portent shown to future ages of the evils that will be experienced by them." The mischief is compared to a cask of ale, brewed by Worcester, and *broached* (*i.e.* tapped so that the ale flows) in future times. *Portent* is accented on the last syllable.

24. **entertain**: "pass," "occupy"; cp. Fr. *entretenir*. **lag-end**: "last part."

26. **the day . . . dislike**: "this day of discord."

29. **chewet**: "jackdaw" (Fr. *chouette*); *i.e.* chatterer.

32. **remember**: "remind."

34. **my staff of office**: Worcester had been Richard's Lord Steward. Cp. *Richard II.*, II. ii. 58-9, "The Earl of Worcester Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship."

37. **in . . . account**: "in rank and reputation."

44. **your . . . right**: "the right that had lately fallen to your lot."

45. **seat**: "estate."

47. **it . . . head**: *i.e.* good fortune descended on you like a shower of rain. *It* is the subject, *fortune* the object. We can still say "it rains honours," etc.

48. **such**: owing to the parenthetical *what* (*i.e.* partly) *with*

. . . *dead*, this sentence is not completed by any clause expressing consequence.

51. **seeming sufferances**: "apparent hardships."

56. **took . . . woo'd**: "seized the opportunity to be soon persuaded."

57. **gripe . . . sway**: "grasp the reins of government over the whole people."

60. **gull**: the general name for any young bird, here the young cuckoo. The cuckoo often places its eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, as well as in that of other birds.

64. **of swallowing**: *i.e.* of being swallowed. It was a common belief, not necessarily accepted by Shakespeare, that the young cuckoo bit off the head of its fellow-nestlings; cp. *Lear*, I. iv. 205-6, "The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, That it had it head bit off by it young."

69. **dangerous countenance**: "threatening looks."

71. **in . . . enterprise**: *i.e.* in the first days of your enterprise."

72. **articulate**: "articulated," "drawn up in articles."

74. **face**: *i.e.* overlay, as with cloth of a different texture.

76. **discontents**: "discontented people"—abstract for concrete.

77. **rub the elbow**: a common way of expressing content.

78. **hurlyburly**: "tumultuous," *i.e.* attended by tumult.

79. **want . . . cause**: "lack such feeble excuses to defend its cause."

81. **moody**: "morose," "sullen." **starving for**: *i.e.* longing for.

82. **pellmell**: "confused"; lit. "stirred up by a spade" (Fr. *pelle*). **confusion**: "destruction."

87. **by my hopes**: "I swear by my hopes," *i.e.* of salvation.

88. **set . . . head**: "being taken from his account," *i.e.* not being reckoned against him.

97. **take . . . of**: "take the advantage given by."

105. **upon . . . part**: "on your nephew's side."

111. **correction**: "punishment," personified, together with *rebuke*, as the minister of Henry's vengeance. *Rebuke* also means "punishment," as in V. v. 1.

119. **on their answer**: "when their answer comes"—implying that it will be a refusal.

121. **bestride me**: *i.e.* in order to defend me.

122. **so**: "it will be well."

123. **colossus**: alluding to the Colossus of Rhodes, a giant statue of Apollo that was said to "bestride" the harbour of Rhodes.

129. **pricks me on**: "goads me on"; in the next line there is a reference to the literal sense of *prick*.

131. **set to**: "set."

132. **grief**: "pain," as in I. iii. 51.

135. **trim reckoning**: "accurate estimate."

137. **insensible**: "not felt," a passive sense. **to**: "as far as regards."

139. **scutcheon**: "escutcheon" (O.F. *escusson*), or coat of arms; here the escutcheon hung up in a church after the owner is dead.

ACT V. SCENE II.

The treachery of Worcester in suppressing Henry's offer in V. i. shows up the generosity of the King, and takes away the last shred of moral support from the rebels' cause. From line 2 we are probably meant to infer that the reason Worcester gives for his action (lines 4-8) is not the true one, and is only put forward to persuade the more scrupulous Vernon. His treachery gains its object; a defiance is sent to Henry, and the battle is ready to begin.

The fact of Worcester's treachery, though not his motives, is taken from Holinshed.

7. **to punish . . . faults**: *i.e.* really to punish us for this offence while seeming to punish us for other (and lesser) faults which we may commit hereafter.

8. **suspicion**: a certain emendation for the *supposition* of the editions. **shall**: "is sure to." **stuck . . . eyes**: *i.e.* always watching to trap us. The allusion is to Argus, whom Hera (Juno), according to classical mythology, set to watch Io when she had been transformed into a cow. Argus had a hundred eyes, which were after his death placed in the tail of the peacock.

9. **but . . . like**: "only trusted so far as is."

13. "There will be some who will interpret us falsely and misread our looks."

18. **an adopted . . . privilege**: "a nickname that privileges him from blame." *Hotspur* is in apposition to *name*.

21. **train**: "lure."

26. **deliver**: "relate," "report."

29. **Westmoreland**: who had been the "surety" mentioned in IV. iii. 109.

31. **bid**: "offer" (cp. Germ. *bieten*).

35. **seeming mercy**: "appearance of mercy."

38. **mended**: the metaphor is from putting a patch (*i.e.* the denial that he broke his oath) on an old garment (*i.e.* the breaking of his oath).

44. **engaged**: "in pledge," *i.e.* held as a hostage; cp. IV. iii. 95.

51. **tasking**: "challenging"; the reading of Q_1. The other early editions have *talking*.

56. "He ascribed to you all that is due to a man."

57. **trimm'd . . . praises**: "decked out (*i.e.* reported in glowing language) the general praise of you."

59. **making . . . you**: *i.e.* though he praised you, he always made little of mere praise when applied to you who were above it, and in this way made your worth to be superior to anything he could say in praise of it.

61. **which**; referring to the whole sentence *he . . . himself*.

62. **cital**: "recital," "description."

64. **as if . . . instantly**: *i.e.* as if in that single instant he became both a perfect teacher, who could point out his faults, and a learner, who could take perfectly to heart the lessons from them.

67. **envy**: *i.e.* the ill-will borne by Fate.

68. **owe**: "own."

72. **libertine**: Capell's emendation for the *libertie* of the early editions.

75. **courtesy**: Hotspur's "courtesy" is of course the death-grapple with the Prince. Contrast line 101.

77. **better . . . persuasion**: *i.e.* you can yourselves better consider what you have to do than take your enthusiasm from my persuasions.

83. **to spend . . . hour**: *i.e.* if man's life depended on the hour-hand of a clock and lasted only an hour, it would still be too long a space to live if spent dishonourably.

87. **brave death**: "it will be a noble death."

89. **the . . . bearing**: "the intention with which we bear them."

94. **whose . . . stain**: *i.e.* whose temper I intend to test by staining it.

97. **Esperance**: cp. II. iii. 68. It is probably pronounced as a quadrisyllable, the final *e* being sounded, as in other French words in Shakespeare.

100. **heaven to earth**: "I wager heaven against earth."

ACT V. SCENE III.

This Scene contains the first and introductory part of the battle of Shrewsbury. Douglas kills Blunt in mistake for the king, but the main actors, though they all appear, are not seen taking any active part in the fight. The Prince's rebuke to Falstaff in line 53 is the first in the play that is seriously meant and shows the widening breach between them.

The exploits of Douglas in this Scene are taken from Holinshed. According to Holinshed, however, Sir Walter Blunt is standing near the King, and is killed on the same occasion as Douglas's encounter with Henry. Shakespeare separates the events, to prepare for the climax in Scene iv. In Holinshed, too, Blunt is killed before, not after, the Earl of Stafford. It is noteworthy that Shakespeare makes no mention of Glendower's Welshmen (cp. IV. i. 126), whereas Holinshed distinctly implies that they were there.

3. **upon my head**: *i.e.* to be won from me.

7. **dear . . . likeness**: "has paid dear for disguising himself like thee."

21. **semblably furnish'd**: "armed, to all appearance."

22. "Let the name of fool attend thy soul, whether it goes to heaven or hell."

25. **in his coats**: "in coats like his."

29. **stand . . . day**: "bravely hold their own in the battle."

30. **shot-free**: *i.e.* without paying my *shot* or bill at the tavern. *Scot-free* is another form of the word. There is of course a pun on *shot* in the next line.

31. **scoring**: "putting down the items of the bill," with a play on the sense "cutting."

33. **here 's . . . vanity**: said ironically. *Vanity—i.e.* emptiness.

37. **are . . . life**: "will have to beg at the gates of London for the rest of their lives," *i.e.* because they are so badly wounded.

42. **whose**: referring to *many a nobleman.*

44. **Turk Gregory**: *i.e.* Pope Gregory VII. (1073-86), called Hildebrand. He was famous for his warlike temper and hence is called *Turk*, as a typical fighter.

45. **sure**: Falstaff means "safely dead." The Prince takes the word to mean "alive and safe."

54. **if . . . him**: *pierce* was pronounced *perce* in Shakespeare's time. Falstaff's boast is made for the Prince to hear as he departs.

56. **carbonado**: *i.e.* a slice of broiled meat, a Spanish word (cp. Span. *carbon*, coal).

ACT V. SCENE IV.

This Scene contains the second and main part of the battle and is devoted to the exploits of the Prince. He, though wounded, saves his father from being killed by Douglas, and himself kills Hotspur. Falstaff saves himself by feigning death, and afterwards pretends that he himself has killed Hotspur; though he does not of course expect, here any more than in II. iv., to be taken seriously.

The details of the Prince's wound and Hotspur's death are taken from Holinshed, but there are the following significant alterations of Holinshed's account by Shakespeare:—(i) The king in Holinshed does "many a noble feat of arms," and there is no hint of his being rescued by the Prince; (ii) Hotspur is not killed by the Prince but by "the other on his part" (*i.e.* the others on the king's side). Both alterations are made to glorify the Prince. Prince John (who was really only thirteen at this time) is not mentioned by Holinshed as being present at the battle.

5. **make up**: *i.e.* advance with the army; cp. line 58

6. **amaze**: "throw into confusion."

13. **stain'd**: "bloodstained."

20. **respect thee as**: "feel towards thee as towards."

21. **at the point**: "at the point of his sword," *i.e.* at arm's length.

22. **lustier maintenance**: "stronger power of endurance."

25. **Hydra's heads**: the Hydra was the fabulous serpent of Lernae, near Argos, which was slain by the hero Hercules. It had nine heads, and as fast as one was struck off another grew. Hercules finally killed it by fire.

33. **seeing . . . luckily**: "since you have so fortunately met with me."

34. **assay**: "make trial of," *i.e.* try to conquer.

41. **Shirley**: probably Holinshed's Sir Hugh Shorlie (p. 106), just as Sir Nicholas Gawsey and Clifton (in lines 45 and 46) are his Sir Nicholas Gausell and Sir John Clifton. All these are mentioned among the slain by Holinshed.

44. **cheerly**: "be of good cheer."

48. **opinion**: "reputation."

49. **makest . . . of**: "hast some regard for."

51. **injury**: "injustice."

52. **hearken'd for**: "listened for," *i.e.* longed for.

65. According to the old astronomy (see V. i. 17, *note*) the planets were set in concentric spheres; each planet had a sphere of its own, and its motion was caused by the revolution of its sphere. The earth was conceived as surrounded by nine such revolving spheres. The fixed stars occupied the seventh sphere together, and therefore *stars* here means strictly "planets" (*e.g.* Venus, Jupiter, the Sun—a planet according to the ancient system), and does not include the fixed stars.

81. **but thought . . . stop**: these lines are closely connected with line 80; Hotspur is consoling himself for the wound done to his thought by the reflection that thought itself depends on life and comes to an end with it; that life itself is the fool, or sport, of time; and that time, which measures the existence of the whole world, must itself come to an end. For line 81 cp. *Sonn.* cxvi., 9-12:

> Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

88. **ill-weaved . . . shrunk**: *i.e.* how the ambition that was set on wrong objects is brought to nothing! The metaphor is from badly-woven cloth, which is liable to shrink.

91. **vilest**: "cheapest" (Lat. *vilis*), "commonest."

92. **thee**: a reading of a late Quarto. The earlier Quartos and Folios have *the*.

93. **stout**: "brave."

94. **sensible of**: "able to apprehend."

96. **my favours**: *i.e.* the scarf worn as the Prince's "favour" or token.

105. **have . . . thee**: "miss thee deeply."

108. **dearer**: "of greater value." Johnson has the natural remark here: "I wish all play on words had been forborne."

109. **embowell'd**: "disembowelled," *i.e.* for the purpose of embalming.

112. **powder**: *i.e.* salt, pickle.

114. **termagant**: "violent"; originally Termagant was a supposed god of the Saracens; he was, as a tyrant, a common character in the mystery-plays; cp. *Hamlet*, III. ii., "I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant." **scot and lot**: *i.e.* utterly; see I. iii. 214, V. iii. 30, *notes*.

129. **flesh'd**: "made to taste blood"—a hunting metaphor: hounds were said to be *fleshed* when they were given a taste of the flesh of the animal they had hunted.

134. **fantasy**: "fancy," "imagination."

137. **not . . . man**: Falstaff takes *what thou seem'st* to mean that he seems a "double man," *i.e.* because he is carrying Hotspur on his back.

148. **I'll . . . death**: "I will pledge my life."

154. **your luggage**: *i.e.* Hotspur's body.

156. "I will back it in the most plausible terms I can."

158. **the highest**: "the highest part."

160. **follow**: with a play on the meaning "be a follower" or "servant."

ACT V. SCENE V.

The battle is now over and won; Worcester and Vernon are sent to execution, Douglas is set free by the Prince's mediation. We are reminded however by the final speech of the King that the rebellion is not yet quelled. As a point of construction, his speech definitely looks forward to the Second Part, and shows that the First Part, whatever internal unity of action it may possess, is to be regarded as incomplete without its sequel.

The treatment of the prisoners is taken from Holinshed, but with the important change that the Prince, not the King, is responsible for the delivery of Douglas. This is of a piece with the other alterations (see preface to V. iv.). Further, Holinshed makes two days elapse between the battle and the condemnation of Worcester; Shakespeare, for obvious dramatic reasons, puts the two events on the same day.

2. **ill-spirited**: "of evil temper," and so "malicious."

4. **turn . . . contrary**: *i.e.* represent them as the contrary of what they really were.

5. **misuse . . . trust**: *i.e.* turn to a wrong use the content of the trust (to treat with the King) imposed on you by Hotspur.

6. **three**: this is below Holinshed's estimate (see p. 106); but we must remember that in Shakespeare the battle is not quite over (cp. line 16). **upon our party**: "on our side."

14. **the death**: *i.e.* that appointed for traitors after sentence.

15. "We will wait awhile before judging other offenders."

20. **upon the foot of fear**: "fleeing in fear."

26. **bounty**: "privilege."

29. **his valour . . . crests**: "the brave deeds he has done against our nobles."

33. **give away**: *i.e.* perform; the reference is to line 26. The *courtesy* is a *bounty belonging to* Prince John; by performing it he has it no longer and so may be said to *give it away*. The expression is, however, strange; and it may be remarked that these lines are omitted in the Folios.

36. **bend you**: "betake yourselves."

37. **the prelate Scroop**: *i.e.* the Archbishop of York (see Index).

43. **business**: a trisyllable.

44. **leave**: "cease our efforts."

INDEX OF PROPER NAMES.

A.

Amamon : the name of a fiend.

D.

Daventry : a town in Northamptonshire.

Douglas, Archibald : Earl of Douglas since 1400. He was induced to join the Percies' rebellion (II. iii. 24) by a promise of land in Northumberland. He was taken prisoner at Shrewsbury, but was not, as in Shakespeare, set free after the battle (V. v. 27-8).

G.

Gaunt, John of : Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III. and father of Henry IV.

Glendower, Owen : a Welsh chieftain ; he was trained in the English Court (III. i. 119), and was an adherent of Richard II. He opposed Henry IV. throughout his reign. He joined the Percies' rebellion, but was never overthrown, as he did not reach Shrewsbury until the battle was over. He was amnestied by Henry V. in 1413, and died soon after.

H.

Hercules : the famous hero of classical mythology. He was the son of Zeus (Jupiter) and Alcmena, and has been taken in all ages as the typical example of manly strength. He performed "twelve labours" in the service of Eurystheus, King of Tiryns in S. Greece.

Hotspur : Harry Percy, son of Northumberland. He was born about 1364, and was three years older than Henry IV. He was taken prisoner at Otterburne in 1388 by the Earl of Douglas, whose nephew he afterwards defeated at Homildon (I. i. 55) in 1402. His rebellion against Henry IV. is fully treated in the play.

Hybla : a town in Sicily, famous in ancient times for its honey.

J.

John of Lancaster: third son of Henry IV.; he was only 13 at the time of the battle of Shrewsbury, and his presence there (cp. V. iv. 3) is not mentioned by Holinshed. He was afterwards engaged in suppressing the rebellion of the Archbishop of York (cp. *2 Henry IV.*, IV. ii.). He became Duke of Bedford under Henry V., and was Protector during part of Henry VI.'s minority.

M.

Mars: the Roman god of war.

Mercury: the messenger of the gods in the Roman mythology. He wore sandals with wings attached to them (IV. i. 106).

Moor-ditch: the stagnant pool in Moorfields, which lay just outside the City of London, near Bishopsgate.

Mortimer: (1) Edmund Mortimer (born 1376), son of Philippa and Edmund Mortimer, 3rd Earl of March (see table, p. 162). He fought against Glendower, was taken prisoner by him (I. i. 40), and married his daughter (I. iii. 85). Shakespeare, following Holinshed (p. 99), calls him *Earl of March*, confusing him with (2) Edmund Mortimer (born 1392), 5th Earl of March, the son of Roger, elder brother of (1); cp. I. iii. 84 and III. i. 194. It was this Edmund Mortimer who, after the death of his father, was proclaimed by Richard II. as heir to the throne, when he "set forth on his Irish expedition" in 1399 (I. iii. 145-150). At the date of this play the Earl of March was only ten years old.

Mortimer of Scotland, Lord: *i.e.* George Dunbar, Lord March, called by Holinshed "the Scot, the Earl of March" (p. 103). He was not really a Mortimer, but Shakespeare gives him the family name of the English Earls of March (III. ii. 164).

N.

Northumberland: Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. He joined Bolingbroke owing to a quarrel with Richard II., but intrigued against him when he came to the throne as Henry IV. He carried on the rebellion after Hotspur's death, and is a character in *2 Henry IV.* He fell in battle at Bramham Moor (1407).

P.

Pegasus: the winged horse of the Muses (goddesses of art) in ancient mythology. The name is used in IV. i. 109 as a general term for a spirited horse.

R.

Ravenspurgh: at the mouth of the Humber. It was here that Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., landed from Brittany.

S.

Scroop: (1) Richard; see *s.v.* York, Archbishop of. (2) William; see I. iii. 271, *note*.

W.

Westmoreland, Earl of: Ralph Neville; he had joined Bolingbroke in his rebellion from Richard II., and was now one of Henry's chief advisers. He had married Henry's half-sister Joan, and so is called the King's *cousin*, *i.e.* kinsman (I. i. 31).

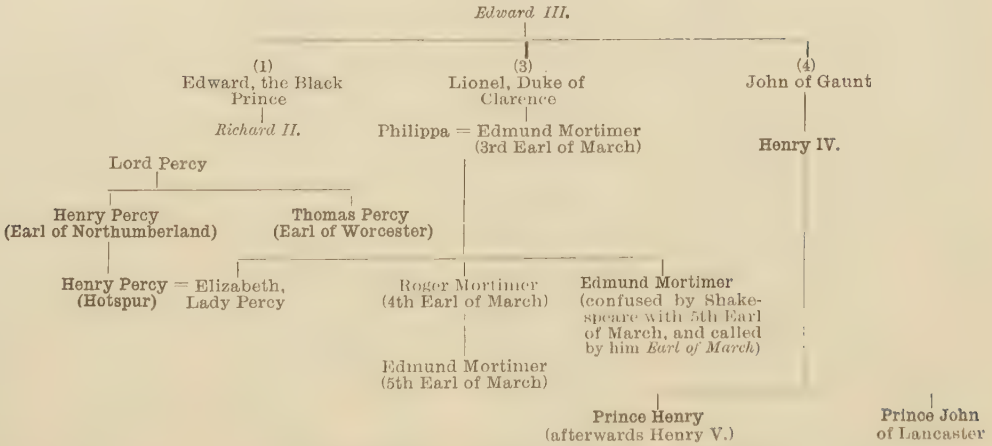
Worcester, Earl of: Thomas Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland. He deserted Richard II., whose Lord Steward he was (V. i. 34), when his brother, who had joined Bolingbroke, was proclaimed a traitor. He was the guiding spirit of the Percies' rebellion, and was executed after Shrewsbury (V. v. 14).

Y.

York, Archbishop of: Richard Scroop. He joined the Percies' rebellion (III. ii. 119; IV. iv.), and continued it after Hotspur's death (V. v. 37; cp. *2 Henry IV.*, I. iii., IV. i.); but he was taken prisoner at Shipton Moor and executed in 1405 (*2 Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 84-5). See I. ii. 271, *note*.

WITHDRAWN

The descendants of Edward III.


Edward III.
(1)
Edward, the Black Prince
(3)
Lionel, Duke of Clarence
(4)
John of Gaunt
Richard II.
Philippa = Edmund Mortimer (3rd Earl of March)
Henry IV.
Lord Percy
Henry Percy (Earl of Northumberland)
Thomas Percy (Earl of Worcester)
Henry Percy (Hotspur)
= Elizabeth, Lady Percy
Roger Mortimer (4th Earl of March)
Edmund Mortimer (confused by Shakespeare with 5th Earl of March, and called by him Earl of March)
Edmund Mortimer (5th Earl of March)
Prince Henry (afterwards Henry V.)
Prince John of Lancaster

N.B.—Rulers in *italics*; characters in this play in **thick** type.

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